# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The April Bookman will be a combined Spring Double Number and a Herbert Spencer Centenary Number. It will contain an illustrated Supplement dealing with new books, and special articles on Herbert Spencer by Professor J. Arthur Thomson and James Oliphant. The literary contents will also include "Charles M. Doughty," by John Freeman; "A Brazilian Mystic," by Frederick Watson; "Two Victorians," by Lewis Melville; "Arthur Hugh Clough," by R. Ellis Roberts, etc.

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The portrait of Tchehov on our cover is reproduced from the "Letters of Anton Tchehov" (Chatto & Windus) reviewed in this Number.

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"Returned Empty," a new novel by Florence Barclay, will be published immediately by Messrs. Putnams.

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Messrs. Collins are publishing shortly "Pandora's Young Men," a new humorous story by Frederick Watson. They have also in the press a new novel by J. D. Beresford, entitled "An Imperfect Mother." Messrs. Collins ask us to draw the attention of intending competitors to the fact that the closing date for their £750 Prize Novel Competition is March 31st. The three prize winning novels will be published in the United States by Messrs. Putnams.

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Books Limited, of Liverpool, have published at 6s. net each three admirable novels of widely differing interests, by two known authors and one who is unknown. "The White Pope," the last story of that popular romancer S. R. Crockett, has a strong religious interest; "Rachel" is an exciting romance of love and intrigue by the Australian novelist, Lilian Turner; and "Jew!" a novel by David Heller, is a very promising first story, showing considerable narrative power, and a striking exposition and defence of Judaism.

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Two new novels by Fergus Hume are to be published in the next few weeks—"The Woman who Held on," by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and "The Singing Head," by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

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New novels that Messrs. Hutchinson published last week are "The Triumphs of Sara," by W. E. Norris, and "Pilgrims of Circumstance," by G. B. Burgin.

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Mr. Kennedy Jones's "Fleet Street and Downing Street," which Hutchinsons are publishing, is at once a history of the Press in England and a survey of present-day journalism and journalistic conditions.

XUM

The journalist of the future may have no less difficulty in establishing himself in his profession, but he will certainly have better opportunities of training than his forefathers. The University of London has recently turned its attention to this matter, and established a Diploma in Journalism. Less directly the Faculty of Commerce, which has begun its activities at that University, should have considerable interest to "young men about to embrace" a newspaper career. As every one knows the greatest asset in journalism to-day is a specialised knowledge of an essential subject or subjects. The demand for good "business" journalists was never greater. Apart from the market in the daily press for good authoritative articles on commercial and industrial subjects, there are coming to light every month new journals devoted to business organisation and commercial enterprise. Their editors would confess that their greatest difficulty is to secure even reasonably well informed articles from English writers. In America technical journalism has been brought to a very high pitch, and there is no reason why it should not improve very greatly in this country. Certainly a writer who had taken his Bachelor of Commerce Degree at London University, specialising in some branch of trade or industry, and following it with journalistic practice and experience, should have no difficulty in making a very lucrative living in the newspaper world to-day. The University has made every allowance for students who may be able to devote any part of their time to studying for the degree, and practising journalists might be well advised to study the prospectus closely.

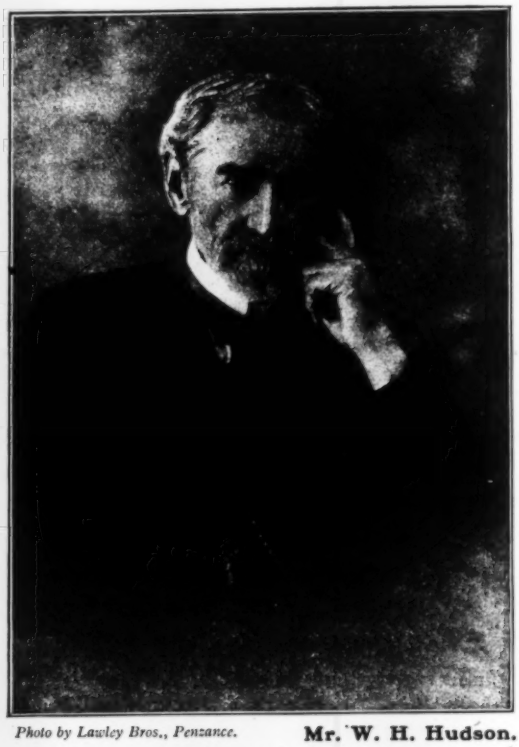

*Photo by Lawley Bros., Penzance.* **Mr. W. H. Hudson.**

A new portrait.

Six of Mr. Hudson's books, "A Crystal Age," "Green Mansions," "Birds and Man," "A Little Boy Lost," "South American Sketches" and "The Purple Land," are now re-issued in Messrs. Duckworth's Readers Library.

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A timely and important book that Messrs. Leonard Parsons are publishing this month is "Nationalisation of the Mines," by Frank Hodges, J.P., with an introduction by J. R. Clynes. It is dedicated to "The Toilers of the Underworld and to Mr. Robert Smillie." This will be the first in their New Era series, which is to include "Direct Action," by William Mellor, and "Labour and Finance," by Philip Snowden.

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Among the new fiction that Messrs. Leonard Parsons have in the press are "Side Issues," by Jeffery E. Jeffery, a collection of stories, sketches, vignettes and scraps of autobiography touching on various side-issues of the war and of after-the-war conditions; "The Bishop's Masquerade," by W. Harold Thomson, "The Buried Torch," by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken, and two novels by new writers —"Miriam and the Philistines," by Alice Clayton Greene, and "The Greater Dawn," by Nora Kent.

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The Young Citizen series of books to be issued by the British Periodicals, Limited, under the general editorship of Miss Annie Matheson, is specially adapted for young readers and aims at strengthening true ideals of fellowship and service, and increasing mutual understanding among all English-speaking schools. The first volume, "A Plain Friend," written by Annie Matheson, with a foreword by Lady Betty Balfour, tells with admirable simplicity and clearness the life story of Elizabeth Fry. It will be followed at intervals by other such studies of men and women who have in various ways served the community, including "John Bright," by Bertram Pickard; "Dr. Elsie Inglis," by Lady Frances Balfour; "Lincoln's Citizenship," by Annie Matheson, etc.

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Mr. George Sampson has made a selection of the more valuable chapters of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," supplemented by Wordsworth's essays and prefaces on poetry, and the book will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press with an introduction by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

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"The Key of the Fields," a new romance by H. Milner Rideout, will be published this spring by Messrs. Jarrold.

Mr. H. H. Bashford, whose recent novel, "The Plain Girl's Tale" (Collins), is now in its second impression, is putting together a selection of his short stories which he hopes to have ready for publication this autumn, probably under the title of "The Human Factor." This will bring Mr. Bashford's total up to seven volumes, a good record for a man who is still under forty, and can only follow literature in his spare time, and has not too much of that. His experience of life has been pretty varied. He was educated at Bedford Modern School, and then went farming for a couple of years

*Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith.* **Mr. H. H. Bashford.**

in Manitoba. Returning to England, he took up medicine at the London Hospital, where he has held several appointments. Since 1908, when he took his M.D.Lond., he has been on the Head-quarters Medical Staff of the General Post Office. In his medical student days Mr. Bashford wrote a novel or two and some short stories by way of prentice work, but his literary career really dates from 1911, when "The Corner of Harley Street" was published by Constables in England and Houghton, Mifflin in America, a book of essays, with a thread of story running through, which is now in its eleventh edition, and still selling steadily. His first novel, "Pity the Poor Blind," was published, in England by Constables and America by Holt, in 1913, reprinted the same year and, in 1918, issued in a cheap edition. A little travel book of a walking tour with his wife, "Vagabonds in Perigord" (England:

*Photo by Albert Burchell.* **Mrs. Cecil Palmer,**

who drew the decorations for "A Miscellany of Poetry" (Cecil Palmer), and is illustrating in colour a new edition of Omar Khayyám, which Mr. Leopold Hill is publishing.

Constables. America: Houghton, Mifflin) appeared in 1914, and in 1917, a collection of his verse, "Songs Out of School." To the spring of last year belongs "Sons of Admiralty: A Short History of the Naval

*Photo by Van Raily.* **Mr. John Ferguson,**

whose striking book of poems, "Thyrea" (Andrew Melrose), was referred to in last month's BOOKMAN. A sixth edition (1,500) has now been exhausted and a seventh is in preparation.

War," written in collaboration with Archibald Hurd, and published here by Constables, and on the other side of the Atlantic by Doubleday, Page. "The Plain Girl's Tale," his second novel and latest book, is the longest and biggest-scale work Mr. Bashford has attempted so far, and represents three years of hard work. It is a charming story of a girl who may be plain but is certainly adorable, and bids fair to vie in popularity with "The Corner of Harley Street."

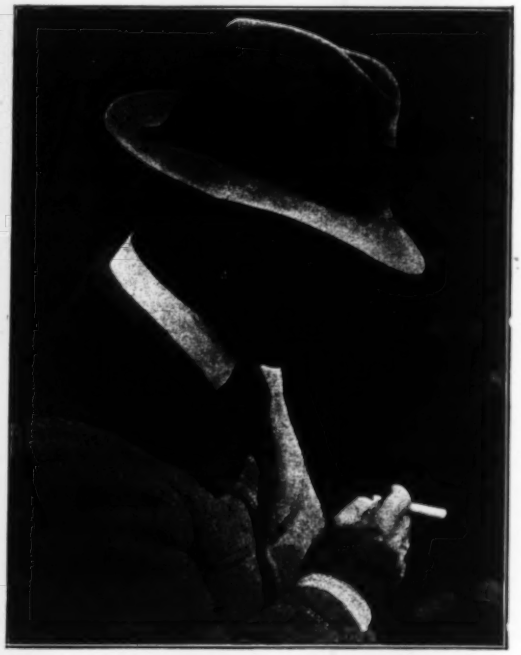

*Photo by Ward Muir.*

**Mr. Perceval Gibbon,**

whose new book of stories, "Those Who Smiled" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

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Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, the postman-playwright, whose book of poems, "The Shadow of the Rose," has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin and The Talbot Press, Dublin, has had some undoubted success with Irish plays produced at the Abbey Theatre and elsewhere. He is an auxiliary postman in a small country district, and has had circumstances of ill-health and poverty to contend with, but by indefatigable work he is steadily winning a place for himself in literature. There are charming things in his book—little snatches of song touched with fancy and feeling that have the magic of simplicity and spontaneity.

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We have received the first number of "Harmsworth's Universal Encyclopædia," which is to be completed in about fifty fortnightly parts. Its editor, Mr. J. A. Hammerton, claims in a preface that it will form a complete survey of learning, dealing with thousands of subjects that are not dealt with in any earlier publication of this kind. It aims, he says, to be an exhaustive, helpful and practical work of ready reference on all things under the sun. The first number, copiously illustrated and handsomely produced, contains in addition to its encyclopædic articles and definitions, a series of articles on great topics of the time by John Galsworthy, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Moulton, Viscount Northcliffe, Lord Askwith, and Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P.

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In view of Mr. Marconi's sensational statements about the indecipherable messages, possibly from Mars, that are so frequently received by wireless operators in various parts of the world, it is well to remember that in this the imagination of the novelist has again forestalled the discoveries of science. In the thirteenth chapter of "The Soul of Lilith," Miss Marie Corelli brings Mars into communication with our earth, and as that book was published in 1892 it seems likely that she was responsible for prompting a good many modern writers and others to speculate on the possibility of getting into touch with the Martians.

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"Lord Grey of the Reform Bill: Being the Life of Charles, 2nd Earl Grey," by George Macaulay Trevelyan, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Longmans.

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The Swarthmore Press is publishing "London Through Chinese Eyes," by Dr. M. T. Z. Tyau, a book in which an eminent Chinaman has set down his impressions of England and the English.

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It is significant of the reviving interest in the canals of this country that Mr. F. Bouthron's "My Holidays on Inland Waterways" (Murby & Co.) has just been issued in a third edition. The book covers two thousand miles of cruising by motor launch and pleasure skiff, and has seventy illustrations.

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Mr. A. E. Tilling, a well known writer on Bristol history, died in that city on January 18th, in his fifty-fifth year. Mr. Tilling, under the pen name of "Stanley Hutton," was the author of several books, including "Bristol and its Famous Associations" and a "History of Bath and Bristol," while he was a frequent contributor to the London weeklies, as well as to Bristol papers. Entering the service of the Bristol Libraries Committee in 1879, he spent all his life in the work, and at his death was Assistant Chief Librarian of the City. Of late years he was much in demand as a lecturer, his subjects being mostly historical and literary. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a new biography of Burke.

# THE READER.

## BURNS AND ABERDEEN.

By Davidson Cook, F.S.A.Scot.

THE Reverend John Skinner (1721–1807) of Linshart, Aberdeenshire, was the son of another John of that ilk, who for over fifty years was schoolmaster of the Parish of Echt. The minister's son, the third John Skinner, became the Episcopalian Bishop of Aberdeen, and the Bishop's son, John Skinner the fourth, also became a clergyman, in spite of the fact that his grandfather, in playfully twitting him with being "dull o' the uptak," imputed this verse to Thomas the Rhymer:

"The world shall four John Skinners see,
The *first* shall teach a school—
The other two shall parsons be,
And the *fourth* shall be a fool!"

The Bishop's father was for sixty-five years minister of the episcopal chapel of Longside. He wrote a learned "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland" (London: 1788, 2 vols. 8vo) which probably no man alive to-day has ever read, but he is remembered, and lives in Scots Song Literature, as the author of

"Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly,"

"The Ewie wi' the crookit horn," "John of Badenyon," and "Tullochgorum," which Burns, who hailed him as a "brother bard," described as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw."

In a rhyming epistle addressed to Burns on September 25th, 1787, "old Skinner," as the Poet, obviously with no disrespect, generally calls him, opens thus:

"Oh happy hour for evermair,
That led my chill up Chalmers' stair,
And gae him, what he values sair,
Sae braw a'skance
Of Ayrshire's dainty Poet there,
By lucky chance."

The *chill* (i.e. child) refers to the Rhymer's son, Bishop Skinner, who met Burns on the stair of the printing office of J. Chalmers, at Aberdeen. The poet has this allusion in the Journal of his Highland Tour (1787):

"Monday, Sept. 10.—Meet with Mr. Chalmers, printer, a facetious fellow—Mr. Ross, a fine fellow, like Professor Tytler—Mr. Marshall, one of the *poetoe minores*—Mr. Shirrefs, author of 'Jamie and Bess,' a little decrepid body, with some abilities—Bishop Skinner, a nonjuror, son of the author of 'Tullochgorum,' a man whose mild, venerable manner, is the most marked of any in so young a man—Professor Gordon, a good-natured, jolly-looking professor—Aberdeen a lazy town."

In a posthumous volume of his father's poems—"Amusements of Leisure Hours," 1809—Bishop Skinner alludes to his meeting with Burns "on Chalmers' stair," informing us that he went with him to one of the rooms and "was much entertained by an hour's conference on several very interesting topics."

Rev. John Skinner.

James Chalmers (1742–1810) was the son of the founder of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Like the three generations of Skinner Clerics, he was educated at Marischal College. Afterwards, he studied printing at London and Cambridge, and on his father's death in 1764, took up the position of editor, as well as printer of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Soon after Burns's visit he launched a thirty-two page fortnightly periodical, entitled, *The Aberdeen Magazine, Literary Chronicle and Review*. The first number is dated *Thursday, January 17th*, 1788, and was sold at threepence. It continued its fortnightly appearance long enough to make four stout volumes (1, 2, 3 and 4) the title pages of which are dated 1788–89–90–91.

The "fugitive" appearances of Burns's poems in the newspapers and magazines of his time, have been diligently chronicled, especially in Henley and Henderson's Centenary Edition (1896–97), but evidently no Burns authority has ever explored *The Aberdeen Magazine*, on such a quest. And yet, knowing that the Poet had been there before us, and had met Shirrefs and other Aberdeenshire bards in the sanctum sanctorum of that "facetious fellow," there seems every reason why we, too, should go "up Chalmers' stair," and sift that old Magazine on the off-chance of finding some new Burns data.

Though *The Aberdeen Magazine*—probably largely owing to its extreme scarcity restricting the opportunities of research—has never been cited as containing Burns items, it is actually of far more consequence in that respect than many of the recorded periodicals.

As a preliminary, I am able to furnish some new information, and offer a long overdue correction, suggested by an item in No. XVII., Thursday, August 28th, 1788. On page 536, appears "The Favourite Song of 'The Boatie Rows.' The words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen." This well-known old song is generally ascribed to John Ewen of Aberdeen, and authorities unite in saying that it was first claimed for him by Robert Burns. Stenhouse in his "Illustrations

to *The Scots Musical Museum* (1853 ed., p. 380) says:

"Burns informs us, that 'the author of this song, beginning 'O weel may the boatie row,' was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae luck about the house.'"—*Reliques.*

The same information is given in Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song" (1844, p. 233), Wood's "Songs of Scotland" (1848–49, iii., 3), and repeated by scores of other authorities right down to George Eyre Todd, who in "*Scottish* Poetry of the Eighteenth Century" (vol. ii., 33) says, "'The Boatie Rows' was first assigned to John Ewen by Burns."

The authorities are all wrong. To begin with, the Note cited by Stonhouse, and those who, without verification, repeat his statement, as from Cromek's "Reliques of Robert Burns" (1808), is not to be found—nor anything resembling it—in that work. It is, however, printed in Cromek's "Scotish Songs," 1810, i., 45.

The Notes, which Burns wrote in the famous *Interleaved* copy of *The Scots Musical Museum* (4 vols. 1787–88–90–92) now in the Collection of Mr. John Gribbel of Philadelphia, *have never been correctly printed in any edition of Burns's Works.* Cromek, who had access to the volumes, garbled many of them in his "Reliques," and introduced some of his own invention. Emboldened by his success, he added still further to his false-gets, in his two volumes of "Scotish Songs" (1810), fathering on Burns, among others, this spurious Note on "The Boatie Rows"—a song which was not published in *The Scots Musical Museum* till after

"Death steek'd the Poet's weary een"

when it appeared in the fifth volume, generally dated 1796, but which John Glen, in "Early Scottish Melodies," says was not issued till 1797.

For over a hundred years—the Interleaved Volumes being lost to ken—editors of Burns had to lean on Cromek for the Poet's Notes. Ultimately they were located by J. C. Dick, and only in his "Notes on Scottish Song," by Robert Burns (1908), are the genuine Notes, as written by the Bard, to be found. This valuable volume, which was limited to 255 copies, confirms beyond dispute the contention that the oft-quoted Note on "The Boatie Rows" is an impudent fabrication of Cromek's. Nevertheless, the gist of the Note may be true enough, though Peter Buchan (himself a fabricator *in excelsis*) flatly questioned Ewen's authorship of the song.

Its publication in this first volume of *The Aberdeen Magazine* was doubtless its earliest appearance in print, though it is well not to be over dogmatic on such points. I have not seen it noted, but it is a fact that Burns sent the song to Johnson for his *Scots Musical Museum.* The manuscript is in the Hastie Collection in the British Museum. The verses are not in Burns's holograph, but that *he* sent the song is proved by a note on the MS.—undoubtedly in Burns's handwriting—which reads:

"I think I have heard that this song has been published already—if so, let it be compared with this copy."

The Magazine and Museum versions show some slight verbal variations, and differ in one important particular. Burns's set has four lines which are not in the Aberdeen printing of the song. Knowing what a song-mender Burns was, we are warranted in believing that the extra verse is an unsuspected interpolation of the Master Songsmith. The stanza in question is squeezed into the manuscript, in minute writing, at the end of the other verses, evidently by a third hand. It was printed as the second verse, which we quote with Burns's presumed lines in brackets:

["I cust my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch't nine,
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.]
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a',
Who wishes her to speed."

Burns's well-known song, "Theniel Menzies' Bonie Mary," was first printed in the second volume of *The Scots Musical Museum,* 1788. It is there signed "Z," indicating, according to the Index, "old verses with corrections or additions." In this case the original old song has never been located. Henley and Henderson's comment in the Centenary Edition (vol. iii., p. 320) is in these words:

"Buchan (the ingenious and obliging) 'remembers to have seen many years ago a copy of this song in a very old Aberdeen Magazine, said to be by a gentleman of that city.' He also supplies a set which he describes as the 'oldest on record,' at the same time stating that it is 'from recitation, and never in print.'"

The said Peter Buchan is frequently, and even more caustically, quoted in the Centenary Edition, but in this case, he was right about the old Aberdeen magazine, although evidently his memory was treacherous, for his "never in print" version is substantially that of the old magazine. In Volume i., "Thursday, November 20th, 1788," is the identical song mentioned by Buchan. Burns's song, beginning:

"In comin' by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;"

was some months earlier in print, but the Magazine rendering is probably the original, inspired by the Miller o' Dye's daughter. Here it is:

THAINY MENZIES' BONNY MARY.

The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen, Adapted to Music by Mr. Wilson.

The Miser's joys an' gouden bliss,
I neither ken nor seek to guess,
I'm rich when I can gain a kiss
Frae Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary,
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary,
A' the warld wou'd I gie
For a kiss o' Thainy's Mary.

ii.

In Scotland braid, or far awa',
Where maiden's paint and busk them bra',
Sae sweet a lass I never saw,
As Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

iii.

Some dozen'd lowns, sae douff and aul',
Had liv'd till they were growin' caul',
An' scarcely kent they had a saul,
Till they saw Thainy's bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

iv.

Her milk-white hand, sae saft an' sleek,
Her lovely lips and rosy cheek,
Her twa bright een that seem to speak,
Have ty'd my heart to Thainy's Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, etc.

Like Burns's song, it is set to the tune of "Ruffian's Rant," now better known as "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." In the British Museum Music Catalogue there is a rare item entitled "Twelve Original Scotch Songs, Composed and Adapted by William Wilson," which was probably published about 1792. Basing on MS. notes in their copy of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, the British Museum authorities ascribe "Thainy Menzies' Bonny Mary," and another song to John Marshall. No Aberdeen poet of the name and period is known, but no doubt he was the "Mr. Marshall" whom Burns met in the printing office.

**Captain Grose, Burns's "chiel."**
A hitherto unpublished portrait from a miniature in the possession of Mr. Davidson Cook.

The first poem by Burns, printed in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, is in Volume ii., *Thursday, January 29th*, 1789. On page 56 appears his "Elegy on the departed Year 1788," beginning:

"For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:"

The poem is dated January 1st, 1789, and signed "Thomas a Linn." The Centenary Burns records the printing of it in *The Courant* of January 10th, and in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, January 12th–14th, but evidently Henley and Henderson were not aware of its appearance in "Aberdeen awa."

The next Burns item occurs in the issue of *Thursday, September 10th*, 1789, and is the poem, "On Captain Grose's Peregrinations," beginning:

"Hear, Land o' Cakes an brither Scots
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groats,
If there's a hole in a your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

This also is signed "Thomas a Linn," and was first printed in *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of August 27th, 1789. The Centenary Edition (vol. i., p. 446) instances numerous periodicals in which it afterwards appeared, but once more has no mention of *The Aberdeen Magazine*.

We now come to the most interesting Burns item of the series. In No. LI., Thursday, December 17th, 1789, page 825, appears:

"TAM GLEN,
"A SCOTS BALLAD.

"My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

* * * *

"Your counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry,
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

"T. S."

Immediately following is "The humble Petition of Bruar Water, to the Duke of Athole," printed without signature, or any indication of connection with the Scots Ballad. Both pieces appeared in *The Edinburgh Magazine* of November, 1789—"Tam Glen," signed "T. S.," and "Bruar Water" anonymously, as in *The Aberdeen Magazine*. At first glance the Edinburgh print seems to have an indisputable claim to the honours of "first appearance." It is so credited in the Centenary Edition, which again has no knowledge of the Aberdeen publication. In spite of the seeming impossibility of it, it is just possible that *The Aberdeen Magazine* of December 17th, may be earlier than *The Edinburgh Magazine* of November. It was customary for the old monthly magazines to be issued in the month following the one named thereon. That it was so with *The Edinburgh Magazine*, is proved by the fact that this "November" issue has a report of a meeting of Freemasons, held on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th.

The "T. S." at the foot of "Tam Glen," in both magazines, is a puzzle, though Burns as a contributor to current literature, affected various signatures. There are several poems (not by Burns) signed "T. S." in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, and if Chalmers was first to print, it may be that the attaching of these initials is simply the result of a little confusion in his Poetical Department. Of the authorship of "Tam Glen" there can be no doubt. It appeared in *The Scots Musical Museum*, Volume iii., 1790, No. 296, and even in the original issue, it is indexed "Burns." Henley and Henderson (C.E. iii., 363) quote as from the same, "Written for this work by Robert Burns," but they must have been using the 1803 edition, for the words quoted are not in the first edition, having been freely—and sometimes falsely—added to the plates for the reprint. In this case the statement is true. There is still extant, in Burns's handwriting, a list of songs (not all his own) suggested for Johnson's *Museum*. "Tam Glen" is one of them, and opposite it, the Poet has a "do" under "Mr. Burns's words," which is written against a song higher in the list. We must conclude that if Burns did not append the initials to "Tam Glen," they resulted from an editorial or printer's blunder.

Passing to Volume iii. of our old magazine, we turn over page after page of arresting items, but nothing of Burns interest greets us, till we come to the issue of "Thursday, October 7th, 1790," on page 623 of which appears, anonymously, the Elegy on Capt. M——H——, "O Death, thou tyrant fell and bloody," etc. This famous Elegy on Matthew Henderson, was first printed, anonymously, in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for August, 1790. The Centenary Burns so informs us (vol. i. p. 424), but its debut in "guid black prent" in the Granite City is unchronicled.

In the very next number of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, "Thursday, October 21st, 1790," we find (p. 655) "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," beginning "Now Nature hangs her mantle green"; this time, signed:

"R. BURNS,
"The Scots Ploughman."

This seems to be its first appearance in print. The Centenary Edition, which is religiously careful in recording such matters, has no note of this, nor indeed of any other, fugitive appearance of "The Lament," which Burns included in his two-volume edition of 1793.

It is not unlikely that the Poet sent the poem in manuscript to Chalmers. Indeed the same may be true of "Tam Glen" and some of the other pieces, but in this instance, the printing of the signature, plus the poem's early appearance here, and not (as far as I know) in the other magazines, lends colour to the idea that Burns himself communicated the piece to the "facetious fellow" who printed and edited *The Aberdeen Magazine*.

I have not the fourth volume, nor is it in the British Museum, but I believe the only Burns item it contains is "Hear, land o' cakes" (p. 688) which had already appeared in the 1789 volume.

## THE WORK OF F. W. BAIN.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

IN the search for truth—that is, for an established and workable principle by which all life may be guided, all evil corrected, all good enhanced—the philosopher plays a large part. His lantern and that of the poet may show different colours, but they both illuminate the way. "Philosophy is, in the end, at one with poetry," says Dr. Edward Caird; and in defining or endeavouring to define the truth which philosophers and poets seek, we have to remember that there is the "truth" of simple observation and the truth of poetic imagination; both equally right, yet often incorrectly opposed as "fact" and "fiction." "Without in the least confusing the methods of the poet with those of the philosopher," says Professor Henry Jones, "seeking merely to be sensitive and responsive to the charm of his highest imaginative powers, we may still feel that his ideas apply to life, and come to him, as indeed we do, asking grave questions."

East and West, poets and philosophers have put into words their ideas, and an awkward obstacle in the search for truth is the fact that the East and the West are so fundamentally different in their points of view. Sympathetic interpretation, on both sides, is the great solvent, and the wisdom of the East, as far as India is concerned, has its most sympathetic and unwearied interpreter in Mr. F. W. Bain, who for many years was English professor at the College of Poona. His series of thirteen stories from Hindoo sources, though we are not sure that each one is actually "translated from the original manuscript" (even his mother in one of the letters quoted in "An Echo of the Spheres" says: "Whether it's a translation or a creation is your secret") —succeeds better than any formal treatise could do in conveying to the English mind the beauty of India's ancient—and present-day—beliefs; and each tale, in its way, is perfection. Scarcely ruffled by Western influences, the old faith in reincarnation is as strong as ever; the millions of India doubt their former birth no more than they doubt their own existence; and the gods, to them, are powerful for intervention—anthropological, as all gods conceived by human brains must be, in the sense that they are immensely glorified likenesses of human beings, both male and female.

**"Metempsychosis, transmigration, everlasting incarnation and reincarnation of the immortal soul in body after body, birth after birth: all Hindoo literature is but the kaleidoscopic reiteration of this one identical idea, whose beauty is such that no logic will ever destroy it or oust it in favour of another. For the Sanskrit language is a kind of shrine, consecrated to the embodiment and immortalisation of this philosophic myth. The Hindoos are possessed by it; it is their hereditary heirloom, the legacy from an immemorial past; it is all they have left."**

So writes the author in his preface to "The Descent of the Sun," one of the most striking of his stories.

"The Descent of the Sun" tells of a young King of the Spirits of the Air, Kamalamitra, who asked of Maheshwara, Lord of Creatures, whom he worshipped, a boon:

"Give me a wife, whose eyes, like these hills and this sky, shall be full of the dusky lustre of thy throat and thy moon, as if, insatiate of gazing at thee, they had become, not transitory mirrors, but pictures permanently stained with thy glory. For so shall she be a medium of devotion between me and thee."

His request was granted; but the young king, too proud of the beauty of his bride, boasted of her, and in reply to a taunt agreed to test the virtue of an aged sage by showing him her loveliness. The acute ascetic, however, divined the truth, and cursed them both, saying: "Descend now, ye guilty ones, into mortal wombs, and suffer in the lower world the pangs of separation, till ye have purged away your guilt in the fire of human sorrow."

They are born in mortal shape, one as Shrí, a princess, the other as Umra-Singh, a king's son; and each has the seed of desire for reunion, the mysterious longing for the preordained mate who alone can wholly satisfy, so that each refuses to marry in the customary way. Many details must be omitted; but after varied adventures, seeking and sought, through realms of evil spirits and potent spells, they find one another. At the moment of recognition and reunion (as mortals) Umra-Singh, in striking at a lion (which was but a phantom produced by a crafty forest-spirit) accidentally strikes his long-sought bride:

"And as his hot tears fell on her face like rain, Shrí opened her dying eyes: and instantly they were full of peace, for she knew that it was her husband at last. And she said slowly: 'Weep not for me, O my lord, for I have attained the emancipation of union with thee. All day long I have sought thee: but I have found thee in the evening, before my sun goes down: that is enough.'"

The wonderful thrill of this story comes on the last page, where, as in several of these legends, Maheshwara, Lord of Creatures, makes his comment:

"And at that very moment, the curse came to an end. Then those two erring lovers regained their immortal natures. And they looked at one another, dazed and bewildered, for they thought that they had awoken from a dream. And their spirits rose out of those mortal bodies which they had abandoned, and soared away to their heavenly home, locked in each other's arms. But Maheshwara, from his seat on Kailàs, saw them go. And perceiving all, by the power of his mystical intuition, he said to himself: 'There are those two foolish lovers rejoicing to have awoken from a dream; not knowing that it was but a dream within a dream, and that they are still asleep.' And he laughed aloud: and the thunder of the shout of his laughter rolled and reverberated, and rattled in the blue hollows of Himálaya, like the sound of a drum."

F. W. Bain.

Mr. Bain's prefaces have nothing in common with the customary preface; they are little searchlights illuminating either the story which is to follow or some aspect of Hindu faith that will take the reader another step on his journey towards comprehension. They are essays in miniature, often drawing subtle analogies and contrasts not particularly favourable to Western ideals. The wonderful Sanskrit language is the author's never-failing source. In the introduction to that delightful tale, 'In the Great God's Hair," he grows lyrical in its praise:

"As there are butterflies' and beetles' wings, of which we find it impossible to say that they are positively this colour or that—for according to the light in which we view them they change and turn, now dusky red, now peacock-blue, now it may be dark purple or old gold—so a well formed Sanskrit compound word will subtly shoot and coruscate with meaning, as do those wondrous wings with colour: and this studied double, treble, manifold signification of its words lends to the classic tongue a sort of verbal sheen, a perpetual undercurrent of indirect suggestion, a by-play of allusion, a prismatic beauty, of which no other language can convey the least idea."

This book tells of a mortal Kathaka (story-teller) who had told stories for the entertainment of his king for fourteen years, every night, and then confessed that his stock was exhausted; whereupon the king allowed him three months' grace to find a story more curious than anything he had ever heard, at the expiration of which period terrible penalties were to happen to the weary purveyor of fiction. So the great god Maheshwara, who was about to tell a story to his wife when he perceived this mortal toiling up towards him through ice and snow, hearing the supplication, picked up the poor Kathaka and placed him in his hair to listen, and begins, talking of Ranga, a young heir to a kingdom, who was driven from his rightful throne by treachery, and who flouted the gods, vowing to serve only Water-Lily, goddess of chance and fortune. She pitied him and favoured him, so that out of curiosity he adventured to climb into the top room of a palace tower, where a king kept his "finest jewel." And lo—the jewel was the king's daughter, Wanawallarí, who, waking from a dream inspired by Water-Lily, recognised in her midnight visitor the husband of her dream. Ranga takes her, and the lovers make their home in a ruined city near by. But the gods are angry with Water-Lily, who has taken Ranga's part, and Indra, during Ranga's absence to buy food, assumes the shape of an old Brahmin and tries his best to part Wanawallarí from her chosen mate. She, however, is his equal in argument, and counters him brilliantly; he vanishes, vanquished, into the sky—much to Water-Lily's delight and Wanawallarí's amazement. Ranga returns, but is tracked by the jeweller to whom he has sold one of her priceless bracelets, and who soon tells in the city where the lost treasure is hidden; so the two lovers are captured. But once more the goddess of chance intervenes, and in the end Ranga regains his throne and Wanawallarí becomes his queen. Then comes a very beautiful interlude where the gods, annoyed with Water-Lily, sought her husband Náráyana through the universe in order to complain of her behaviour, finding him at last "alone in the very middle of the sea, lying on the leaf of a lotus." He listened to their complaint:

"And then, that husband of Water-Lily whispered very gently the name of his wife. And low though it was, the sound of that whisper vibrated through the worlds into the uttermost parts of space: and the universe echoed to its tone like a lute whose strings tremble at the touch of the wind. And as that ubiquitous murmur sank and died away into a hush, the sea began to bubble and foam, and suddenly the goddess of beauty rose up out of the lather of its waves."

Confounded, abashed, and silent before such loveliness, the gods, without speaking, "all flew away together over the sea, and disappeared on its edge like a flock of birds." And then we have the inevitable surprise. Maheshwara lifts the story-teller from his sheltering hair, and says: "Thou hast heard: Go now, and tell thy story to the king." But the Kathaka rashly craves another boon—to see "one single glimpse of that wave-born beauty as she rose out of the sea before the gods." This is permitted to him:

"And the Kathaka raised his head, and looked up into the dark expanse of sky, stretching over the pallid snowy moonlit peaks. And suddenly the goddess was revealed against it, like a picture painted on a wall. And for a single fraction of an atom of an instant of time, there flashed in his eyes the vision of that blinding loveliness,

and over two hills of snow a pair of dark blue eyes shot into his own, and withered his heart like a blade of dry grass in a sheet of forest flame. And he uttered a cry, and caught at his heart with both hands, and fell upon the snow dead. . . . But the soul of that unlucky Kathaka instantly returned to earth and was born again. And he became a poet, who wandered in the world all his life long, hunting with a heart on fire for the eyes he could never find."

Quotation, which I have so freely used in order to illustrate Mr. Bain's work, must now stop, tempting though it is to give summaries and examples of such books as "A Digit of the Moon," "The Livery of Eve," and the last and perhaps most wonderful one in Messrs. Methuen's neat and well-executed five shilling series, "The Substance of a Dream," which appeared only four months ago. The thirteen of them range from 1901 to 1919, and whether readers are interested in Hindoo beliefs, or in an exquisite handling of the English language, they should become familiar with the whole.

It is obvious, even from the short extracts I have presented here, that Mr. Bain is a poet. He is also the son of a poet, for in "An Echo of the Spheres," published by Messrs. Methuen last year, he has with loving hands collected the poems of his mother. Her father was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and is mentioned in the Waverley novels. Even without the charming preface in which with many an intimate revelation he honours her memory, we should recognise her work as often worthy of comparison with that of the great poets; poesy was her gift, her solace in a life of bravely borne disappointment, her mode of self-expression. Lovely and most lovable was her character, and those who are fortunate enough to read this volume will be grateful to Mr. Bain for adding it to his own prose-poems.

In the end, what do we gather from these Oriental romances? Firstly, I think, that there is among the millions of India little anguish of intellect. It is debatable whether this unquestioning, irrational belief of mythology is not better than the maze of intellectual by-paths so significant of Western modes of thought. Any human being, in this faith, is seen as the result of an infinite number of previous lives, and is apprehended as necessarily imperfect, incomplete, in a stage of progress which death merely carries one point farther—either higher or lower. Possibly we would not make the exchange; restlessness, inquisitiveness, suspicion of the evidence of our senses, characterises our philosophy, and leads to alluring paths of investigation, astronomical, biological, psychological; but to interpreters such as Mr. Bain, able to place themselves *en rapport* with both East and West, we owe a very great debt of gratitude. He has written other books, in a different vein; but it is by these vivid and unique pictures of the mind of the East that he is best known, and will be remembered.

# THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## MARCH, 1920.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best inscription in not more than four lines of verse or twenty words of prose for the Edith Cavell monument in Trafalgar Square.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, London, N.13, for the following:

HAUNTED.

I hear no more the singing birds
That gaily flit from tree to tree,
My heart wakes only to your words,
The words you never spoke to me.

I cannot hear what new loves say,
For yet your voice rings in my ears,
And suddenly your laughter gay
Falls, and I turn away with tears.

I may not heed when children call,
I dare not look, because I see
Dream faces where the shadows fall,
Of babes you would have borne to me.

I cannot reach you with my prayers,
Nor still to peace your groping hands,
Because your eyes are fixed on theirs
With longing no man understands.

Oh, lonely hearth for ever bare!
Oh, little feet for ever still!
And you, you neither know nor care
When I go homeward up the hill.

We also select for printing:

THE CALF.

As I went down through Market Street,
The birds were mad with mirth,
The wind came, soft and blossom-sweet,
To kiss the young green earth;

*Photo by Scott Galloway, Torquay.* **Miss Alberta Vickridge,**

a successful BOOKMAN competitor whose first book of verse, "The Sea Gazer" (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in our pages.

Bloom upon bloom, like foam piled high,
Bedecked the apple-tree;
On the world's rim, a wide, blue sky
Leaned over, tenderly.

As I walked down through Market Street,
A tiny calf was there,
And burly men with sticks that beat
And drove it—God knows where!
I saw it, terrified and weak,
Beside a low, dark door,
Whence came the sacrificial reek
Of old blood on the floor.

As I passed on through Market Street,
A blight was on the tree,
The very air was chill with sleet—
Or so it seemed, to me;
No magic more was in the Spring,
No blue in all the sky,
Because that little, frightened thing
Had gone in there to die.

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, Whitby, Yorks.)

We select for honourable mention the lyrics sent by M. E. Morris (Torquay), Thora Stowell (Egypt), A. M. Christie (London, W.), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Audrey Haggard (Felixstowe), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Gwen Shelley (London, S.W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Esme Wynne-Tyson (Battersea Park), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Eisdell Tucker (Bristol), Eleanor Grant (Bournemouth), Faith Hearn (Florence), Miss Ionides (Hove), Christina Hole (Great Houghton), Winifred Watson (Ilfracombe), Thomas L. Morris (Cambridge), J. A. Stark (London, W.), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Margaret Brown (Calne), Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian, Spain), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Beryl M. May (Farnham), John R. Doubleday (Streatham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Cecil Thomas (Baluchistan, India), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), L. Yarde Bunyard (Maidstone), Olive Earlam (Warrington), Cyril Bertram (Oxford), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Laurence Tarr (Hornchurch), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), V. Walker (Whitehaven), V. Carey (St. Ives), David Conrad (East Ham), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), Helen Bardsley (Dalton-in-Furness), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), J. O'Dwyer (Harrogate), Cecil Eden (Bromley, Kent), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Eleanore Brent (Darlington), Una Malleson (West Kensington), G. N. Goodman (Watford), Barbara Drummond (Winchester), Mabel Forbes Myers (Bournemouth), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), G. M. Tyrrell (West Kensington), Betty Watt (Bo'ness, N.B.), E. M. Riley (Hull), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Grace H. Baker (Hailsham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Violet A. Sulivan, of Melton, Woodbridge, for the following:

THE POWER OF A LIE. BY JOHAN BOJER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Her Aunt who, from her Earliest Youth,
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,
Attempted to Believe Matilda;
The effort very nearly killed her."
H. BELLOC, *Cautionary Tales for Children.*

We also select for printing:

THE TRAGIC BRIDE. BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Martin Secker.)

"Where art thou, Adam?"
JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost, Book X.*

(C. D. McKenzie Harper, Girton College, Cambridge.)

PETER JACKSON, CIGAR MERCHANT. BY GILBERT FRANKAU. (Hutchinson.)

"Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight."
CHARLES SPRAGUE.

(E. R. Gunn, 11, Leopold Street, King William's Town, South Africa.)

ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE. BY WARD MUIR. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."
GILBERT, *Trial by Jury.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

**Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy,**

whose book of poems, "The Shadow of the Rose," has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and the Talbot Press, Dublin.

AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE.
By "BARTIMEUS." (Cassell.)

"The cow jumped over the moon."
*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Concha, San Sebastian, Spain.)

THE LONDON VENTURE. By MICHAEL ARLEN. (Heinemann.)

"There was an old Parson of Anerley,
Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly;
He rushed down the Strand
With a pig in each hand,
But returned in the evening to Anerley."
EDWARD LEAR, *The Book of Nonsense.*

(E. M. Dean, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk.)

III.—In suggesting names for the new domestic servant no competitor seems to have had a real inspiration. Many propose "House Help," "Household Assistant," "Home Orderly" or "House Orderly," "Home Maker," and "Handmaid." The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Marjorie Maxwell, of 39, Waldegrave Road, Brighton, for the suggestion that domestic servants should be enrolled in a corporate body to be known as the D.A.B., otherwise Domestic Assistance Brigade, wearing a distinctive uniform, with badges for proficiency and long service, so that they should come to be regarded as Civil Servants in the best sense of the term.

We specially commend the suggestions of J. E. Barritt (Putney), Marguerite Melliar-Smith (Rottingdean), F. Webster (Walworth), E. Lewis (Mansfield), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Margaret Fountain (Huntingdon), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Clarice Holden (Battersea), Vincent Hamson (Luton), Mary L. Yewlett (Walton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Charles R. Watson (Crouch End), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), E. J. Roberts (Winchester), A. Coralie Browne (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

THE NURSERY SCHOOL. By MARGARET MCMILLAN. (Dent.)

That "Truth is stranger than Fiction" is a truism, but it would be difficult to find any novel more enthralling and more fascinating than the story of "The Nursery School" as told by its originator. The fact that the wonderful Fairy-land does exist for children brings back in all their non-realisation one's own childish dreams, and one knows for the first time that these longed-for, but denied, pleasures were not only not wrong, but were essential to true and full development. It is practical in the extreme, and yet there is a glamour over all that makes for enchantment.

We also select for printing:

ROBIN LINNET. By E. F. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

This novel strikes the reader as if Mr. Benson had started to write a second "Babe, B.A.," changed his mind in favour of another of the "Dodo" series, and then found that the war had butted in and spoilt his plan. The picture of the Gurtner children, who always sang "Die wacht am Rhein" at bedtime, then suddenly were taught to sing "God save the King," owing to the unfortunate prejudice against anything German, takes some beating—but the story itself is lacking in concentration. Owing to this, Robin's death at the front did not seem to matter much, somehow.

(Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

THE MASON-WASPS. By J. HENRI FABRE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This translation is one of the best of a delightful series of natural history studies. We are captivated by its story of experiment and observation, told in a simple and straightforward manner, and wonder at the differences between the three classes of wasps in their building methods. But most interesting of all, because they are of supreme importance, are the conclusions to which we are led. We have to travel beyond instinct to discernment, we find perfect spheres and hexagonal cells, and we reach the highest point of all in the author's assertion of a Supreme Intelligence shining behind the mystery of things.

(Rev. J. W. Clifford, 25, Mayfield Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.)

Several competitors are disqualified, as usual, for exceeding the specified length. We specially commend the reviews by J. Alex. Gunn (Liverpool), Diana Gray (Christiania, Norway), E. M. Peet (Southport), F. Roe (Oxford), L. A. Loveless (Enfield), A. A. Kane (Oldham), Yvonne Wilbraham (Andover), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Marjorie H. Murray (Weybridge), Emma Vere-Jones (Lowestoft), Rolanda Hirst (Weybridge) A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), C. B. Parker (Worcester), J. Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Dorothy Ensor (Hampstead), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Vincent Hamson (Luton), H. Adair Marquand (Cardiff), Mrs. H. Barnes (Eye), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Frank L. Stevens (Mexborough), J. E. B. Bevan (Bude), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), B. Webb (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S subscription to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, 27, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

## THE ELIZABETH BOOKS.*

By M. P. WILLCOCKS.

IT was at a reading of Calderon's witty play, "The Fountain," that I made a discovery about myself. I have since made precisely the same discovery in re-reading the Elizabeth books: it is that raillery at the expense of women, such as used to irritate one in what are often called "the old suffrage days," now possesses no sting whatever. Having won the day, feminism can now afford itself the bland satisfaction of a completely recovered sense of humour. And so Calderon may show up the fool-woman who believes that dividends grow and are not made, and one laughs; Elizabeth's Man of Wrath may discourse on the suitable juxtaposition of women, children and idiots in German law: Elizabeth herself may hug her chains, or rather her petticoats, and make fun of pamphlet-writing professors' wives and nowadays one simply savours it all with that true charity which springs from

* "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Solitary Summer," "The Benefactress," and "Elizabeth in Rügen." Uniform edition. 3s. net each. (Macmillan.)

# ABOUT "PELMANISM."*

BY SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

(*Editor of "The British Weekly."*)

"Development and increase by discipline and exercise" may be taken as the foundation-principle of "Pelmanism." Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific; results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right, for we well know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb and muscle of our organisation.

Strength is promoted by activity; disuse results in atrophy. Nature is a utilitarian; she does not waste her gifts upon those who neglect them. Anatomists tell us that in our bodies are traces of organs which have practically vanished—forfeited by centuries of disuse. And the brain—the organ of mind—does not escape this general law. Used and exercised, it thrives and increases its powers, mental weakness and inefficiency being the consequence of a lack of due mental exercise.

### PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

These facts have long been recognised; but the moral has not been acted upon. Psychology as a science is by no means new; but it has hitherto held itself too much aloof from everyday life. Theoretical science and abstract principles do not interest the busy man whose work consumes the greater portion of his day. Hence psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man, until the findings of the scientists were linked up with the facts of everyday life by "Pelmanism." "Pelmanism" makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory research.

So much for the principles upon which the Pelman System is founded. What of its methods?

A professor of psychology recently remarked that whilst he was delighted with what he had seen of the work and the popularity of the Pelman Institute amongst all classes and the results attained, he could not comprehend how the public had been won from its former indifference to psychology: he said he supposed it was due to "advertising."

### A COMPLETE MENTAL EQUIPMENT.

That was a hasty conclusion, and, I think, a wrong one. Clever and insistent advertising will doubtless do much to bring a thing into temporary prominence, and will always attract the unwary and the unthinking. But "Pelmanism" has now been prominent for a lengthy period, and it is, moreover, rapidly enlisting every section of the community. Members of the legal, medical and other professions are not notoriously amenable to "advertising," and the registers of the Pelman Institute contain the names of too many members of these professions—too many men with brilliant university records, and too many men and women of acknowledged standing in literary, educational and intellectual circles—to allow it to be possible that "advertising" is the explanation.

No. The success which has attended "Pelmanism" can but be fairly attributed to the success of the attempt to clothe the dry bones of the *science* with the living flesh of everyday facts. The technology of the schools has been translated into the language of "real" life. It is this which makes "Pelmanism" appeal with equal force, but for various reasons, to the barrister and to the salesman—to the woman of fashion and to the worker—to the military leader and to the private—to the business man and to the student and the educationist. Men and women of every class and every age have at least this one need in common—the need for training the mind as systematically as the athlete trains his body. Modern life can be met with nothing less than a complete mental equipment. One's natural mentality is insufficient unless it is also efficient; and only training can make it efficient.

** This article first appeared in "The British Weekly," June 6, 1918.*

### STOPPING THE MENTAL DRIFT.

The Pelman Institute carries out its programme of training upon the basis of a strict analogy between physical and mental development. But the work goes much farther than training upon a common principle: the *individual* need of each student of the Course is the ultimate goal, and it is never lost sight of. Attention is focused on helping men and women in their individual and special difficulties and on bringing out the best that is in each. "Interest" and "aim" are therefore treated as of paramount importance, as indeed they are, and in stopping that mental "drift" which is one of the diseases of the age, and in introducing definite purpose and direction into life and effort, the Pelman Institute is doing a work which it would be difficult to overpraise.

Many of the letters received by the Institute make it apparent that quite a large proportion of those enrolling are little prepared for the thoroughness with which Pelmanism compels a self-overhauling and a stocktaking of deficiencies and possibilities. Several writers express openly their astonishment at the new and wider outlook upon life which has resulted—and amongst these are men and women who have attained a considerable degree of success in their several vocations: showing that it is not only life's "failures" who are able to profit by the teaching of Pelmanism.

### LIFE AND ACCOMPLISHMENT.

It is not sufficient to exist: Life implies accomplishment, and accomplishment necessitates intelligent and sustained effort. What the nature of our accomplishment may be matters little so long as it is a worthy accomplishment. The point is that we cannot justify ourselves as human beings unless we fill some niche in the universal scheme of things, and it is because Pelmanism is so manifestly helping thousands of men and women to recognise this, and inspiring them to appropriate action that I have departed from the usual practice in regard to Pelmanism. I again affirm my strongly held conviction that it will prove to be an important factor in that re-birth of civilisation which we hope to see.

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being on the winning side. For certainly it is the feminist who laughs last.

Yet years ago, before the war, we laughed with Elizabeth, even those of us who rather resented the undertone of satire at the strenuous woman and her inelegance; we laughed as women because we were conscious that, if Elizabeth laughed at woman, yet no one on earth possessed a keener sense of the oddity of man than she. "Men are babies," she says, in effect, "and, like the beefsteak of Tom Pinch's butcher, must be humoured, not druv." She knows that if you humour a man, there is nothing you may not do with him—if, of course, you happen to be young and charming. And a woman of wit can, of course, so throw dust in a man's eyes that he never realises when he isn't looking at the face of a beauty.

The amazing popularity of "Elizabeth" and the series of books that followed, "The Solitary Summer," "The Benefactress" and "Elizabeth in Rügen," which appeared in edition after edition before the war, has not been destroyed even by the last five tragic years and the river of blood that has flowed between Elizabeth's native land and her adopted one. It is indeed curious to read these stories again with one's war-thoughts in one's mind, for here is far eastern Germany, the region where the Poles used to pour over the frontier for the potato season; here is the stuffiness of bourgeois Germany with its superstitious rites of iron etiquette and the enormous importance attached to precise shades of social difference. When Elizabeth pays a call, or Anna talks to a German pastor, one feels that the whole is like an exaggerated picture of some ultra-snobbish provincial town in England, drawn of course with a touch of caricature. In the village scenes, where Elizabeth goes out to play the lady bountiful to the tenants on her estate, there is something that "dates" these books where all else is so startlingly fresh. For in England, at any rate, it is no longer customary for great ladies to remark contemptuously on the thick skins and callous nerves of poor people who can sleep three or four to a bed and who have but two rooms for all the purposes of family life. It never seems to occur to Elizabeth that these wretched people, whose ignorance she derides, are not in need so much of soup and jelly—she makes much fun of philanthropic reputations built up on jelly—as of a new building scheme which it was "up to" the Man of Wrath to frame. In fact, there is a curious contradiction between the way in which Elizabeth plans to get a certain pastor appointed to a living with six thousand marks because the man has a large family, and the calmness with which she suffers the misery of the Polish labourers' wives or the appalling conditions of housing on her husband's estate.

In this Germany there is evidently a barrier between the human lives of the upper classes and the animal existence of the workers, a barrier strange in England since Dickens wrote. Even English Elizabeth, with all her laughter at the German contempt for women, at the stage grandiosity of the German officer, yields to this sense that the peasant is not made of a flesh and blood which in any way acknowledges kinship with that of his betters. The glimpses of pre-war Germany in these books give one a feeling that we are looking at a social state which is somehow a travesty of what our own would be like if our barbarisms had never been softened either by humour or pity. "Walking in the streets of a town," she says, "you are almost sure to catch the word 'Essen' in the talk of the passers-by; and 'Das Essen,' combined of course with the drinking made necessary by its exaggerated indulgence, constitutes the chief happiness of the middle and lower classes. Any story-book you take up is full of feeling descriptions of what everybody ate and drank, and there are a great many more meals than kisses. . . ." It is strangely, even terribly, ironical, to read this and to realise what life in rationed Germany is like to-day. Again, in the finest of these books, "The Benefactress," the satire of the whole is directed against the snobbery of those unpaying guests whom Anna chooses to befriend, their mean persecution of the one who was the daughter of "a man of letters," that is, a postman, and the hatred and malice that persisted between every class in Pomerania. Of grace, courtesy, humour and breeding there is nothing except in the Von Lohms, of course a noble family.

It was not, however, for their picture of German life that these books were and are loved: it was for something much more subtle even than their wit or their rare power of making one appreciate the atmosphere of a strange country by a few bold touches. It was for a reason which one can scarcely appreciate unless one is a woman. For, although men may smile at Elizabeth's sallies and think how delightful it would be to take her down to dinner, it must have been women who piled up those editions of "The Garden" and "The Solitary Summer." They not only put these on their library lists, but they gave them as presents to one another. For Elizabeth enabled them to enjoy, as women, the rare pleasure, not of seeing themselves as others see them, a vision from which all sane people shrink, but of seeing themselves as they would like other people to see them. Elizabeth, whether she roams round an island in the Baltic or plans herbaceous borders, is just the figure of ease and charm that women "make-believe" to themselves when they dream. When they are young, they do it actively, seeing themselves as "great ladies," not harassed strugglers; when they are older, with the shades of time coming over them in the form of shapelessness of figure and a plentiful lack of creative imagery, they love some one who will "make-believe" for them. And this it is that Elizabeth does superbly in the midst of nightingales, lilac-trees and books or with snow-storms and ice-bound roads that lead to sleigh-drives in rich furs. Here too are all the rewards of virtue—'tis no Paradise of sensual ease to affront the taste of the most delicate conscience; here are April, May and June babies, connected with daisy-chains and never growing out of their clothes, whose tear-stained cheeks it is for the nurse or governess to wash. As the centre round which these tasteful joys revolve is woman's grace and love of beauty, even her piety tempered with the humour that knows she is really "better" when she is happy. Not even a raging suffragette is really superior to these things, though Charlotte, the rebel wife of the Professor, pretends to be. One must confess, too, if one is candid, that it is neither wit nor charm which yields the final glory to the picture, it is the crowning triumph of being a great lady, of figuring to

oneself what it must mean to be "noble," not to have to fight for either ease or deference.

There can be but few women struggling in a workaday world who have not occasionally sighed for a sabbatical year. Only it must be one where one can command the elegant simplicity of well-cut clothes, need never look at sixpences or consider the cost of railway fares. But if any woman says she never harboured even a fugitive fancy for such joys—then shun her. She is either too good or too bad for everyday life. Elizabeth is just what ninety-nine women out of a hundred would like to be, at least in their moments of relaxation, and that is—very precious to a husband who shows nothing but sardonic satire towards every other woman, as well as personally capable of enjoying everything that makes life worth living, from health, wealth and laughter to literature, poetry and the delights of the revolving seasons, or of observing maliciously the weaknesses of one's kind. Elizabeth, in short, is one of those rare women who make the best of every kind of world there is. She has fed on roses and raptures, but has escaped the fulsomeness that is usually associated with such a diet. The simple life appeals to her, but she cannot enjoy it without a maid and a man to wait on her. She "gardens" without breaking her back by digging, and pretends to groan because German conventionality won't allow her to take to field labour. She swims and tramps and goes on pilgrimage—all in the most admired simplicity. On paper she does all the things that women like to see themselves doing without getting unbecomingly hot. And thousands who would be in reality unutterably bored at listening to nightingales and reading seedsmen's catalogues, love it all in fancy because they see themselves as possessing the whip-hand of everybody, including the Man of Wrath himself, in virtue of wit, charm, grace and rank. Elizabeth has all the cards in the pack, those cards which are distributed in such a niggardly fashion to most of us.

Elizabeth's very existence is a testimony to the potential glory of the woman of civilisation. Her pose is all of a piece with the half-sophisticated, half-simple desires of cultivated women who hate vulgarity. It is as light and unforced as the wittiest of fine talk—and at bottom as unreal, in the sense of corresponding to life outside the leisure of country gardens with half a dozen gardeners and a fine bank balance. It is as criminal to try and analyse it as it would be were one to try and probe the secret charm of a painting of some *fête-champêtre*. As soon as the plot of an Elizabeth book plunges into tragedy, as in the imprisonment of Axel von Lohm, the lover in "The Benefactress," one is instantly aware, not of exaggeration only, but of something very near bathos. It is as startling as would be the arrival of Rembrandt's rabbi at—a Watteau picnic. One feels that the showman has been careless and mixed the slides.

Elizabeth was born to fleet the time carelessly like any other grande dame. And if she has a fine contempt for the ways of governesses and poor people generally, it is all in the picture. She has, besides, kind impulses; she has above all else an instinct for joy and folly and ease. Through her, many heavy-laden women dream vicariously. She deserves well of us all and to live in endless editions endlessly repeated. As she will.


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# New Books.

## THE ARTIST SPEAKS.*

To all who are interested in the art of imaginative writers—in the views and aims and general technique of those who do creative work—this is a wonderful and fascinating book. Not, indeed, that the ultimate secret is revealed here, or anywhere else. In the end of all the artist knows as little as his critic about his own achievement. The creative mind is unconscious, and cannot be constrained either to work or to explain itself. Our spiritual and literary ancestors knew that well enough when they professed belief in a mystery of utterance—in what they called inspiration, that is, in some power, not himself, that spoke through man, using to the ends of perfection his imperfect and fallible faculties—a power which, as God or Muse, might be besought, but might withhold itself from all entreaty, or come unbidden and fill with its message the chosen and honoured vessel. Nowadays we write heavy books about art, and quote the more respectable and least readable Germans; but we are no nearer the secret. It is "the magic hand of chance" that holds the poet's pen; it is the voice of the god that speaks through the lips of the prophet.

Sometimes our efforts to explain the inexplicable land us in absurd situations. The miraculously assimilative mind of Shakespeare fascinates us, and we attempt to rationalise a mystery, to give reasons for what is against all reason; and, in our desperation, confusing spirit and intellect, the creative with the critical, we find ourselves asserting that the unconscious mind of Shakespeare must be the conscious mind of Bacon. It is like comparing the wind on the heath with a wonderful system of ventilation. The perfect art, like the perfect heart, is unconscious in its activity. Intellect contributes something to art—it may steady the hand, but it cannot paint the picture. Technique is valid up to a certain point; but true art begins where technique leaves off. Thousands of people have a technique of composition superior to Beethoven's; but what really matters in Beethoven is something that technique cannot give. When the unconscious artist in Dickens had charge of the pen, we got such real boys as Pip and David Copperfield; when Dickens self-consciously tried to rise to sublimity he made the dying Paul Dombey declare that a picture of Jesus was not divine enough. Wordsworth went on talking for forty years after the Muse had deserted him; but Wordsworth never knew the difference and would have denied the desertion.

The creator knows little more of the miracle of creation than we do; nevertheless, when an artist theorises, when our synthetist turns analyst and takes himself publicly to pieces, we look on with deep interest, for we are brought a little nearer to the secret, even though we never pluck out the heart of the mystery. The present volume is full of such exposition—casual rather than deliberate, told to friends rather than published to the world, and therefore the more spontaneous and sincere. We should add at once that it is put before us in English that is a delight to read. Mrs. Garnett has never done better.

I wish, by the way, our Russian scholars would agree upon a consistent form of transliteration. In French there is need for the preliminary T in Tchehov, but there is none in English, as the "ch" in such words as "chair" and "check" is exactly the sound of the Russian character that begins this name. And when the redundant "t" is thrust into the consonant that looks so much worse than it is, we get five English letters, "shtch" to represent a single Russian character. After all, names like "Shchedrin" or words like "shchi" are perfectly easy to any Englishman capable of saying "fresh cheese." The exact rendering of the Russian unstressed "e" is almost impossible in normal English spelling, and I think the attempt should be abandoned. Mrs. Garnett writes "Byelgrade." How many English readers will get its pronunciation right from that spelling?

Chehov (as we prefer to spell him), a perfect example of the unperturbed and unbiased artist, was in himself an eager, passionate, handsome, humane man, with an unresting spirit that wore out his body and left him dead of consumption at forty-four. There was no more uncompromising foe than he of art made consciously didactic; but in Russia it is impossible for an artist not to be a reformer; and just as Turgenev may be said to have abolished serfdom, so Chehov reformed the convict settlement of Sahalin, merely by showing people what it was like. He was a doctor, and brought the surgeon's dispassionate skill and observation into his art. To him nothing was common or unclean:

"To a chemist nothing on earth is unclean. A writer must be as objective as a chemist, he must lay aside his personal subjective standpoint."

"You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-stealers, say 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But that has been known for ages without my saying so. Let the jury judge them; it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are."

"You are right in demanding that an artist should take an intelligent interest in his work, but you confuse two things, *solving a problem* and *stating a problem correctly*. It is only the second that is obligatory for the artist."

"[I think] that an artist's instinct may sometimes be worth the brains of a scientist, that both have the same purpose, the same nature, and that perhaps in time, as their methods become perfect, they are destined to become one vast prodigious force which now it is difficult even to imagine."

We have selected these sentences almost at random from several letters to different persons as some indication of the wealth of sound criticism scattered up and down the pages. But that is only half the story. There are descriptive passages, equally casual, conversational and unforced, and just as attractive. There is a page upon the Russian character worth more than many whole books, and there are sketches of places and persons, besides the account of his terrible journey across Siberia, enough to set a lesser novelist up for life. It is, we repeat, a wonderful and fascinating volume, contributing much to our knowledge of a writer who was certainly one of the greatest literary artists of his time.

By way of confounding those who put forth theories about "aristocracy" and "birth" and the "peasant mind" and so on, Nature arranged that Chehov, the perfect type of serene, cultivated and aristocratic art, should be the grandson of a serf who bought his freedom in 1841 for 3,500 roubles—700 roubles a soul, the daughter being thrown in for nothing. That the story may lack nothing to complete it, we will add that the son of the noble who sold his serfs was Vladimir Chertkov, the fanatic apostle of Tolstoyan anarchy. Really, the situation requires the art of Chehov himself to do it justice.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Letters of Anton Tchehov to His Family and Friends." Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

## THE MANAGING DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE.*

Among the minor horrors of the great war may be included the flood of so-called "literature" which has almost overwhelmed the long-suffering public. Dirty linen has been washed by the basketful; astounding secrets have been revealed which have amazed none more than the persons to whom they are supposed to refer; writers of fiction (including some newspaper correspondents) have lightheartedly described the astonishing

* "G. H. Q." By G. S. O. 20s. net. (Philip Allan & Co.)

adventures of superhuman general officers and impossible subalterns. All this is, perhaps, the natural consequence of a conflict waged upon a scale never before attempted; it was impossible to visualise it as one might a South African campaign or a punitive expedition. Imagination, once set free, ran riot.

It is therefore the more refreshing to come across a book the key-note of which is accuracy. In "G. H. Q." the author has "attempted an intimate picture" of what he describes as "a capable Board of Directors of as glorious a company of soldiers as the world has known." He has succeeded. The present writer was attached to General Head-quarters in France after many months of regimental and brigade duty, and shared, it is to be feared, many of the prejudices against "red tabs" which arose from sheer ignorance of their wearers. It was, therefore, in a severely critical spirit that he set himself to examine the habits and customs of the *genus* Staff Officer. The author of "G. H. Q." hides his identity under the initials "G. S. O." (presumably, General Staff Officer), but, whoever he may be, it is beyond question that he has lived, moved and had his being amid the Olympians who gave the Boche so often and so furiously to think. He tells his story modestly and with little comment, leaving facts to speak for themselves—that they *are* facts the writer can avouch.

G. H. Q. was established in the charming old town of Montreuil-sur-Mer on March 31st, 1916. Lord (then Sir John) French's head-quarters had been fixed at St. Omer, but many considerations (among them the growth of the British military strength) made the change desirable. At Montreuil the General Staff lived a monastic life; when an officer is chained to his desk from nine o'clock in the morning until half-past ten or eleven at night, he is apt to consider a sound night's sleep his most agreeable diversion. The author finds seventeen pages barely enough in which to briefly indicate the actual work done at G. H. Q. Here it is only possible to be trite, and say that G. H. Q. was the brain of the great British military body in France. Of course, it was not all work and no play; but play meant chiefly a chat in the Officers' Club, or the necessary exercise without which none could have stood the mental strain. Feminine society, of which one heard so much, was rare. Occasionally a "lady" from Paris would arrive —and depart forthwith, escorted to her train by a polite, but firm gendarme. Q.M.A.A.C.'s there were, and the statements circulated in certain quarters as to their behaviour are very properly repudiated by "G. S. O." I quote:

> "According to some scandal-mongers a very large proportion of the Corps qualified for a maternity hospital almost as soon as they got to France. As a matter of fact the standard of conduct among them was very high . . . and it would be a libel on our race to discredit them with a charge of looseness."

"G. S. O." deals faithfully, but without bitterness, with shell and gun shortage. The British army, he says, "had been trained for a different type of warfare from that which actually came." The building up of an adequate store of munitions, once commenced, was achieved with almost incredible rapidity, with the result that if the German had not thrown up the sponge before the spring (1919) campaign, "he would have been literally blown out of his trenches and chief cities."

The author speaks of the medical side with an admiration which will be shared by many who sojourned in the hospitals. "It was a wonderful part of the war," he says, "that defensive and offensive against Disease. . . . In the process of beating the Germans we made such great advances in the war against the germs that we greet peace as a definitely healthier people, organised to save, in a generation or two, more than the total of all those who went to a Higher Service from the fields of France and Belgium."

It is not possible even to summarise here the three hundred pages in which "G. S. O." covers a surprisingly large area; the book is full of accurate information, but its author has succeeded in avoiding that dullness that gives to such narratives the fusty atmosphere of a legal

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FRANCIS D. GRIERSON (Captain).

## A SHORT-STORY VIRTUOSO.*

It is impossible, nowadays, to join in any "shop" talk amongst a group of authors without the subject of the short story cropping up and causing excitement. Why is it (some one indignantly demands) that the popular English magazines are filled with the trivial? Why is it that collections of short stories, in volume form, are notoriously not welcomed by publishers?

The debate is endless, and leads nowhere in particular. To be candid, its tendency is often rather irritating to any listener who has had practical experience of the trade the chief commodity of which the short story happens to be—the trade of magazine editing. I have occupied an editorial chair: I have read hundreds of short story typescripts: and to me the notion—so commonly voiced in literary circles—that English editors reject well-written short stories because their readers do not want good writing, is merely comic. Scores of typescripts passed through my hands which were "highbrow" (if I may use a vulgar but amusingly understandable word); but those which went back to their senders went back not because they were "highbrow" but purely and simply because they were uninteresting.

Plenty of people, picking up Perceval Gibbon's latest book, "Those Who Smiled," will promptly recognise that each of its stories is, of its kind, a little masterpiece. Immediately they will add: "Why don't our magazines publish work like this?" The reply is that our magazines *do*. I should be surprised to hear that there is a single story in this collection which has not appeared in an English magazine. (I take it for granted that they all originally appeared in American magazines.) Perceval Gibbon's name ought to be famous, as a magazine contributor, throughout the length and breadth of England. In America—which is the golden market for all serious short story writers—he is known everywhere. He is a "star artist" from New York to San Francisco. A contribution from Perceval Gibbon will advertise any American magazine—and will sell it to a fastidious and critical clientele. But in England the correspondingly fastidious and critical clientele never dream of reading a magazine at all—and then, absurdly enough, complain that we have no first-class short story writers!

The remarkable thing about the Perceval Gibbon short story is that it utterly shatters the "highbrow" contention that a short story, to be a work of art, must almost inevitably be unpopular. It makes havoc of other pseudo-æsthetic theories also. We are told that a short story must be an episode and not a condensed novel. But nearly all the Perceval Gibbon stories are condensed novels. We are told that melodrama cannot be literary. But one of the most powerful stories in this book, "Plain German," is a positive thriller: every paragraph is keyed up with tension: the plot is deliberately lurid: yet each sentence is a piece of beauty and each character who appears on the stage is a clear-cut psychological portrait: moreover, that stage is an exquisitely-wrought background of local colour.

Local colour is one of Perceval Gibbon's strong suits. He has travelled everywhere—always with keen powers of observation on the alert. In "Those Who Smiled" he lays his scenes in Africa, in Russia, in America, in Italy, in England, in Switzerland, in France. And his local colour is always highly relevant to the plot; it takes its place as an essential factor in the scheme. The stories couldn't happen just anywhere: each is inevitably bound up with its setting. And how wonderful those settings are! The vividness of them is brilliant, and the phraseology of their description is a delight.

And there are wiseacres who tell us that the short story is dead in England! It is a form of intellectual snobbery which would be amusing if it were not so harmful to the prospects of the very art with which it professes itself to be sympathetically concerned. "Those Who Smiled" is, at all events, another triumphant proof that the English short story is not only not dead, but is exceedingly alive. Not that there are many Perceval Gibbons in our midst. He is admittedly a virtuoso of the craft. But other, lesser craftsmen should be grateful to him, inasmuch as by compelling recognition of the short story in this country he raises the status of the profession, and helps others as well as himself. To an extensive public he is known by his full-length novels—and it is good to hear that he is at present engaged on another, which should appear before the autumn—but this same public will show a grievous lack of discernment if they miss the hardly less satisfying intellectual feast offered by such a collection of novels-in-miniature as "Those Who Smiled."

WARD MUIR.

* "Those Who Smiled." By Perceval Gibbon. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

## LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE'S POEMS.*

"Lady Margaret Sackville," writes Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in his preface, "is the best in my opinion of our English poetesses, at least of the younger generation." Such testimony cannot be lightly disregarded, and the poems which are collected in the volume certainly reveal the qualities that justify Mr. Blunt's verdict. Lady Margaret possesses a delightful lyrical gift, and the genuine beauty of much of her verse captivates both the ear and the imagination. The feeling which is expressed in many of these poems reveals a keen appreciation for the sunshine as well as the shadows of life, and the delicious playfulness which is shown in "The Apple" proves that Lady Margaret's muse is endowed with an exquisite sense of irony. But it is perhaps especially the note of human sympathy that is so apparent in the poems written between the years 1914 and 1917 that will find a responsive chord in the heart of most readers. "Quo Vaditis?" is a fine example of the mood in which the grief-stricken soul, confronted by the unintelligible spectacle of war, and beset by its own obstinate questionings, finds itself. In "Reconciliation" there is evidence of the dear and abiding faith in love, which, in spite of the hatred and horror of it all, can endure to the end, and in the thought of "our mutual dead" find pity and pardon. "The Peacemakers" is a really inspiring piece of work, and all who are wrestling in spirit to achieve a fairer order will take comfort in its rousing appeal. It is well to find our poets grappling with the realities of life; and to realise that they can traffic in the things with which the ordinary mortal is concerned. Their message cannot fail to find a public.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

## LITERARY ADVENTURES.†

Blest is the specialist able to unbend from his particular severities and be something more than specialist! By following courses that carry him out of his groove for a time he not only discovers new realms of interest; but rests his mind, freshens his pen, clarifies his vision, helps to the better attainment of the next province of his investigations. It was so with Gladstone. There is no knowing what measure of greater good—or harm (the choice depends on your political tendencies, gentle reader!)—he accomplished in statesmanship through his cultivation of Homer

* "Selected Poems." By Lady Margaret Sackville. 6s. net. (Constable.)

† "Sir Roger de Coverley, and Other Pieces." By Sir James George Frazer. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

and the variable *strata* of the Impregnable Rock. So is it, also, manifestly, with Sir James Frazer, who has sweetened his studies of anthropology, comparative ethics, mythology, folklore, early history, geography, primitive language, codes, customs, magical practices, religions, superstitions, and oh!—very much else, with an eager appreciation of eighteenth-century literature. Some of the fruits of that leisurely culture are exhibited in this volume; which, from first to last—though there were qualms of doubt among the verses—is built for present enjoyment and an enduring refreshment and pleasure.

It is not difficult to realise how eased and stimulated Sir James must have been when, his mind fuzzed with the long consideration of totems or the elaborate restrictions governing the marriages of savages, he turned from the primitive—at the very next-door to the reign of tooth and claw—to the opposite region, the realm of egregious artifice, in the age of Anne or the early Hanoverians, when fashion with its hoops, wigs, patches and powders, snuff-boxes and clouded canes, its bowings and fulsome scrapings, and the rest of the vanities of a supremely vain time, were regarded as the be-all, if not the end-all, of a chatterbox existence. Yet the very contrast of the atmosphere induced, adds to the quality of the refreshment; and it is easy to understand the peculiar joy with which Sir James left the dim forests of portentous superstition for the pavements of Whitehall and the Temple, wherein Sir Roger de Coverley wandered and Will Honeycomb—not too kindly treated in this collection of *post-Spectator* papers—strutted; or for those placid yet tragical walks at Olney and Weston wherein William Cowper, of the silver voice and pen, was haunted by the ghosts of religious darkness or cheered with the pleasant joys of a simple life. The particular treasures of this volume are the Coverley papers and the Introduction to this author's edition of the Letters of William Cowper; both already published and well known; yet so charmingly written, as indeed is the rest of the prose in this book, with limpidity, lucidity and apt sufficiency of phrase, that it has been a pleasure improved to re-read them.

Sir James has caught the Coverley atmosphere excellently, and managed to achieve a style suited to its task; not entirely of Steele or of Addison, yet of both merged, with perhaps a *soupcon* more of Dicky than of the sublime and stately Joseph, with, of course, the right amount of Frazer added. It is not exaggeration to describe these papers as brilliant; never has a distant atmosphere been more happily caught, though in the process Sir Roger has grown somewhat idealised and, as we have suggested, Will Honeycomb has been not too generously treated. The study of Cowper is entirely sympathetic, with here and there a nice ironical touch; as in the passing description of rioting at Olney after Newton from his pulpit had denounced the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day:

> "So long as he confined himself to hellfire and brimstone, he might be tolerated; but when he touched the sacred ark of bonfires and tallow candles on the Fifth of November, the populace rose like one man. . . . The vicarage was threatened. The curate committed the case to the Lord, but the Lord paid no attention. Providence did not interpose. The crowd drew near. Mrs. Newton was terrified. A flag of truce was sent out, a parley was held. Soft words had some effect, a shilling had much more. . . ."

It is daintily done, as elsewhere, frequently—as with the offer of the laureateship to Hayley, "the lofty pedestal which had been lately vacated by the imperishable Pye, and was afterwards adorned by the immortal Tupper." The study of Cowper is complete within these limits, so that no better introduction to his poems and personality as well as to his letters could be devised.

Besides these biographical contributions the work contains extracts from Sir James's prefaces, his studies of the Australian anthropologists, Fison and Howitt, a version of the quest of Perseus for the Gorgon's Head, which shows how amusingly the old-tales can be rewritten—and that is not all. The volume comprises a pleasant illustration of the profitable use of a great man's limited leisure—by work of another kind. Let us conclude with


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a personal appeal. Sir James Frazer has rooms in the Temple and during his residence there has met within those historic ways some famous shadows. Other spirits must also frequent the ancient place. Charles Lamb and Noll Goldsmith walked there. If Sir James would "make it convenient" to meet and hold discourse with those immortal ghosts the result would make a pleasant reading-holiday for others besides specialists.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.*

The writing of books by soldiers holding high military rank in order to explain their failures or to ventilate their wrongs is so common a practice in these democratic days that it excites little comment and no protest. While it cannot be denied that the principle is essentially objectionable because it leaves so many persons attacked without means of reply (unless we are to be flooded with war reminiscences) yet the example was set by so distinguished a soldier that little justification is necessary. When, moreover, it is the usual practice for Cabinet Ministers to reply to their critics by means of highly-paid contributions to the Sunday press, the publication of books becomes by comparison a highly respectable undertaking.

The first impression one receives on reading this book is that the writer is a man of outstanding military and administrative ability: the second is that he is by no means unaware of it, and finally that he is anxious for us to share this opinion with him, which of course we readily do. There can be no doubt that General Townshend has been shockingly treated. It is impossible to exaggerate what he accomplished in Mesopotamia: he was obviously understaffed and ill supplied. He was forced to act against his own judgment by the ambitions of political adventurers who were too ignorant or stupid to allow him the necessary supplies. The advance on Bagdad with the forces at his disposal at the time was for General Townshend the merest gamble: if he had succeeded the political effects would have been enormous, but the failure of this and the subsequent surrender at Kut (although altogether honourable for General Townshend) was so disastrous for the authorities in India and at home that they vented their spite on him by giving him no reward for the great work he accomplished.

A great part of the work under review is purely technical. It will undoubtedly interest the military student. General Townshend has a convincing way of writing, and his use of authorities to support his opinions is excellent. It would be unfair after what we have said above to insist that he writes as a statesman, but his view is always that of an administrator who is used to governing subject races. In this connection his view on the Armenian problem is delightful and worth quoting at the present time:

"As regards Armenia, I should treat this question, had I a voice in the matter, by placing a British Resident, on the lines of our diplomacy in India, to see that the people were not oppressed. I know well—and I may say no one better—all the horrors that have been perpetrated on the Armenian people, but it must be remembered that the Armenian question has been to the Turk what the Irish question has been to England."

It is necessary to draw attention at this point to the important part played by General Townshend in the surrender of the Turk. He seems to have been entrusted by them with the whole affair, and it is clear that they reposed the greatest confidence in him. This was certainly justified but, nevertheless, General Townshend seems to have been very badly snubbed by the British Government and authorities.

The reminiscences included by General Townshend are undoubtedly of great interest, although they have nothing to do with his campaign in Mesopotamia: and he has a way of writing on matters technical that makes them pleasant reading for the ordinary layman. As Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith's "Natural History," he has made it as entertaining as a Persian tale. And as a contribution to the military and diplomatic history of the war the value of this work cannot be lightly estimated, Its reception in certain quarters may not be very cordial, but if it results in winning the public sympathy for the Mesopotamia Force and its gallant commander, if it succeeds in getting for them the justice which the politicians have denied them, it will have accomplished a great service to the whole Empire.

ANDREW BOYLE.

* "My Campaign in Mesopotamia." By Major-General Sir Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend, K.C.B., D.S.O. 25s. net. (Butterworth.)

## THE ACTOR AND HIS ART.*

Many as are the books that have been written concerning the life of the actor, it is probable that of all the professions acting is the one to which the fewest *practical* works have been devoted. As the author of this volume points out, many actors have written interesting and entertaining volumes of personal reminiscences—quite a respectable-sized library might be formed of such—yet few in doing so have troubled to present those particulars most likely to prove helpful to young beginners at the art and craft of the stage. We use the two terms advisedly, for Mr. Calvert is careful to point out that both are applicable. As he says at the outset there is no adequate literature of the subject, and reverting to the theme towards the close he adds:

"There are plenty of biographies of famous actors of the past, but those tell mostly of great triumphs, not of the methods that made those triumphs possible. In the lives of Edwin Booth, Henry Irving and the many others we may read, we get no sense of *how* they acted, only of the great heights they reached. Ristori gives us some insight into her technical methods; Joseph Jefferson, in his long autobiography, writes a few pages that are of great value. But there are only a few oases in the desert. For the most part these books are personal history; interesting enough, but of little real help to the ambitious beginner, who could probably be helped so much had the giants of the past bequeathed their wisdom to posterity. There is no doubt that we would all be better actors for such reading."

In this volume, then, it may be said that Mr. Calvert has set out to supply the tyro of to-day with something in the nature of that helpful kind of work, the want of which he and others lamented yesterday. He has kept well before him the requirements of his readers for helpful hints, or practical advice, but while doing so has been able to illuminate such with happy anecdote and interesting reminiscence, so that his work is at the same time serviceable, entertaining and interesting. He does not in any way minimise the difficulties that lie in the path of the beginner, but he shows that with that first essential, the right kind of enthusiasm—the enthusiasm which accepts hard work, and does not expect to attain the great end of success by any other means—such beginner may do much. It is, indeed, a kindly, thoughtful book, this story of the actor's art by one of that art's distinguished exponents. But it is something more than that, for it embodies many pleasant personal reminiscences, a goodly number of good stories, and some outspoken criticism which makes capital reading. In his introduction, the late H. B. Irving, that distinguished actor son of a famous actor-father, describes the book as one that should be put in the hands of every dramatic student, and happily sums it up as a book that "rings true."

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Problems of the Actor." By Louis Calvert. With an Introduction by H. B. Irving. 7s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

## MARY-GIRL.†

In being over-careful to exclude melodrama many of our novelists have shut out passion. I do not mean they ignore only sexual passion, substituting instead a merely physical excitement, but that the bigger passions of life, good or bad—ambition, work, love, anger, religion—are forgotten or so feebly represented that life laughs at the

† "Mary-Girl." By Hope Merrick. 7s. net. (Collins.)

novels, and a bored, half-educated public turns from fiction to the raw material presented in the newspapers. Mrs. Merrick's book—alas! that we shall have no more from her pen—is a real discovery. Here we have a novelist quite sufficiently skilful in the technique of her art, also aware of the fact that human beings have hearts to be broken, minds to be perplexed, temptations to fight and to overcome. "Mary-Girl" is rather French in form, in its compactness, and in the rare economy which refuses to waste attention on subsidiary characters or events. It is true that by her concentration on Mary and Ezra Sheppard, Mrs. Merrick risks leaving some of her other people a little unreal, a little too much of the theatre; but it was a risk worth taking for the sake of the added power devoted to the portrayal of the gardener and his wife. Ezra and Mary are Quakers: and it is their ambition to replace the tumbledown old barn in which the Friends worship by a better, more stable building. They are saving up gradually for the money needed to build the meeting-house; when suddenly they are offered the chance of getting it quickly. The lady of the manor refuses to suckle her child, and the country-side is scoured for a foster-mother. Slatterns and drunkards are turned down by Lady Folkington's mother, until at last the local doctor tells her of Mary, but says he feels sure Mrs. Sheppard will not come or, if she is willing, Ezra will not allow her. The struggle is set thus early. As to its course the reader must be left to discover it. Mary goes, a sacrifice for the dream of Ezra's heart; she goes at a princely salary, and a friendly, ungodly builder—one of the best of the minor personages—starts the building at the sight of the first monthly cheque. What flows from this mistaken sacrifice, what agony for Ezra and Mary, what shame and trouble, can be guessed. Mrs. Merrick never fails to rise to her best scenes. Sometimes in the valleys she seems to tire a little, and to write, never carelessly, but ordinarily; but in the big scenes, of which there are not a few, she writes with ease and conviction. The sense of drama in the book is quite unusual—drama both of character and of incident. I am not sure that in the episode of Mary and Latimer, the novelist, Mrs. Merrick's sense of drama in incident did not outrun her sense of drama in character. Had Mary been a young girl, one might have thought her lapse with Latimer probable; as it is, it seems barely possible. For she has not hated Ezra, nor even thought of deserting him; and Latimer has been little more to her than an understanding audience and a useful travelling companion. The episode is the only doubtful thing in a singularly well written, well constructed and moving story.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

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## PRELUDE.*

We make of life what we bring to it, and "Prelude" is the story of what Paul Trevelyan made of his four years at a public school. But though Martinsell can easily be recognised as Marlborough, it is doubtful whether the majority of Marlburians would find here anything to remind them of their own experiences. For Trevelyan brought to Martinsell a temperament very different from that of the average boy. He had not been to a preparatory school, he was an only son, and his early years had been spent in an atmosphere of music, poetry and perfumes, and in the company of a charming, vaguely inconsequent mother who is rather like Mrs. Fane in "Sinister Street." In consequence Trevelyan has never played football, does not know the difference between second-slip and cover-point, and shows no desire to correct his ignorance. To the end he remains unchanged; he took to Martinsell the exclusive superiority of Chelsea, and made there for himself a world in his own image. Certainly it was an achievement.

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All through the book he stands outside the revel. He takes no part in the communal life, and in his third term does not know the name of the school captain. He has no share in the general interests of his companions; he is detached from their prejudices and enthusiasms. He looks on them from a distance and finds a vague æsthetic value in their sense of stress and hurry, the eternal flux of things. His attitude to his environment is that of a minor poet in the nineties, an attitude that is not without its own peculiar charm.

Nothing troubles him, nothing happens to him. The brave procession of life goes by him and he is charmed by certain aspects of it, certain moments of effect and gesture. He responds to the beauty of court and cloister; cricket pleases him as an æsthetic spectacle, green field, white flannels, grace of action; Holy Church woos him with its altar-lights and incense; Beaudelaire soothes him with perfumed growths and heavy melodies; his friendships are sultry and emotional. Indeed "Prelude" is the story of a hot-house plant that has known neither wind nor rain, that has only seen the moon through glass and the sun through misted air.

It would be easy enough, no doubt, for the moralist to dismiss "Prelude" as a morbid and unhealthy book; for there is here neither freshness nor vigour, the value of games is as much neglected as it is over-emphasised elsewhere, and sultriness is the book's main characteristic. "Prelude" represents and interprets the life of only the smallest section of a public school community, but as a study in the ideas and sensations of an individual, it is a very interesting piece of work. There is hardly any story, few incidents stand out clearly, it is an essay rather than a novel, but it does succeed in a definite personality.

Paul Trevelyan will to many appear an incredible person; the hard-headed beef-eating squire will be horrified at his decadence and poses. But he is very real in Mr. Nichols's book, one cannot help sympathising with him. The life of a public school as it appears in "Prelude" is life at a public school as it impressed itself on one temperament, and if that temperament is not that of the majority, does that in any way affect the book's literary value? Mr. Nichols has done what he set out to do, and does anything else matter?

ALEC WAUGH.

## MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

Four books, and each of them recalling memories of the war. But how different are the memories, and how widely apart the experiences here set down.

Mr. Daryl Klein was attached to the Chinese Labour Corps at Tsingtau. He tells us of the difficulties before embarkation; of the long voyage; the journey from Canada and through Panama; and ends his tale with the arrival at the Base in France. His book is written in a good spirit.[1] For Mr. Klein understands and appreciates the Chinese. All who, with the present reviewer, officered the "Chinks" in France will endorse much that is written of the character of those cheerful, entertaining, hard-working and humorous people. Humour, in especial, was their strong point, and Jule was right in declaring the coolie's "sense of humour is too keenly developed to allow him to make an ass of himself. He is continually seeing fun in little things." But it requires a sense of humour to observe it in others, and this Mr. Klein fortunately possessed. The illustrations are all helpful.

The Australian padre, sometime lecturer in philosophy at St. Paul's College, Sydney, had two brothers killed at Gallipoli. In these modest and sincere sketches[2] he claims, justly, to be making "a consistent effort at exact truth." He is determined that we shall see something more than the "very one-sided view of the Australian," which figured him as "a lusty animal and a great fighter." General Sir Cyril White in his preface rightly emphasises this point, and declares:

> "A fighting individual is of little value; it is the association of individuals of the right quality, in a body imbued with a co-operative ideal, which has a military effect."

And so in "Khaki and Cassock" the author gives us many glimpses of the Australians to whom he ministered in France for over two years. Bombardier Waller, who lost his right arm on service, contributes some really fine pictures, full of power and distinction, to a book which deserves to be read by all who care, as its author does, for the religious welfare of mankind.

The late Major Hody (for death came to him suddenly at Cologne last June, six weeks after he had completed his book) had a good story to tell, and told it in capital style.[3] To him it fell to relate "the adventures of the 17th Divisional Supply Column on its trek to Italy." And what a column it was, the Mad 17th!

**"We solemnly walked through the ranks."**
From "With the Mad 17th to Italy" (Allen & Unwin.)

"I don't know whether we, as a column, took more enjoyment out of life than other columns did; but certainly whenever there was anything to be had we always seemed to be there. We could play and we could work, we could work and we could play—whichever came our way. Perhaps that was the reason why we obtained the nickname of the Mad 17th, a name that I accepted, however, as a compliment."

It is a gallant tale of zeal and endurance, the trek of the Mad 17th:

"One thousand three hundred and forty kilometres in ten days, through unknown county,

[1] "With the Chinks." By Daryl Klein, 2nd Lieutenant in the Chinese Labour Corps. 6s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

[2] "Khaki and Cassock." By Kenneth T. Henderson, C.F. 6s. (Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.)

[3] "With the Mad 17th to Italy." By Major E. H. Hody, R.A.S.C. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

without any preparations, an average of 134 kilometres a day with the whole column of fifty-six lorries and one spare."

Theirs were the first British lorries to arrive in Italy by road. Incidentally Major Hody observed many things, and his shrewd and sensible comments are applicable to much that happens in civil life. The pictures and maps are excellent.

Captain J. G. Lockhart has interesting memories to recall in his sketches of the campaign in the Holy Land.[4] For the first three years of the war he was on garrison duty with his regiment in India, to be sent to Egypt to take part in the final operations before Gaza. Great was the variety of races, languages and religions in that Egyptian Expeditionary Force. "Least conspicuous and most hardworked was, of course, that ubiquitous personage, the British soldier." But Indians were there: Pathans, Punjabi, Mussulmans, Sikhs, Dogras, Jats, Gurkhas, Mahrattas, Rajputs, Brahmins, also two Burmese battalions. Also Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans. Also Cape boys, Sudanese and Egyptian Regulars, and West Indians. Frenchmen, both *poilus* and Colonials; a small band of Italians; two Jewish battalions, the 38th and 39th Royal Fusiliers; and a regiment of cavalry called the Nixte Cavallerie, "about whose nationality no one seems to know anything," are included. Small wonder the business of "getting back to your regiment" after a stay in hospital was no light task. In Palestine, as in France, Italy, Gallipoli, and wherever the armies went, the same feeling prevails; and the same note is sounded by Captain Lockhart in his well written recollections as by other soldier writers—the note of comradeship, and the feeling of good fellowship. The last memories of the war are in that note and feeling.

J. C.

## SOME RECENT ESSAYS.*

Without going so far as to say that an influenza-laden atmosphere is favourable to the finest development of the critical faculty, I rather incline, at the present moment, to the opinion that it is by no means a bad one in which to subject the essay form of literature to deliberate consideration. For the essay is essentially a personal thing, revealing its author's individuality and expressing his mood at the time of its inditing, even when intended primarily to be more or less didactic; and if the author's mood and individuality are so subtly persuasive as to make a reviewer who is recovering from influenza forget his own individuality and mood—both of them, inevitably, detestable just then—the verdict must be that the essays are pretty good goods. I have just had influenza, and since I recovered sufficiently to sit up and take notice I have been reading the three books named at the foot of this column. If their authors don't like what I say about them, they can discount my remarks on the ground that I could not possibly have been perfectly *compos mentis* while making them. If they do like them, I shall be even more pleased.

Father O'Neill is Professor of English language in University College, Dublin, and in this volume, "Essays on Poetry," he has collected nine papers, five of them definitely didactic on the nature and utterance of poetry, the other four criticisms of, or at least letters introductory to poets so diverse as Aubrey De Vere, William Allingham, Thomas Boyd and Father Gerard Hopkins. The last provides a complement to the present Poet Laureate's edition of Father Hopkins's work that simple justice required should be forthcoming from somewhere. I should keep this volume if only for the sake of the essays on Father Hopkins and on Allingham—this latter an admirable,

[4] "Palestine Days and Nights." By Captain J. G. Lockhart. 5s. net. (Robert Scott.)

* "Essays on Poetry." By George O'Neill, S.J., M.A. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Springtime and Other Essays." By Sir Francis Darwin, F.R.S. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)—"Serenity: Essays and Reflections, October, 1917–July, 1919." By the Author of "Peace of Mind." 4s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)


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even delicious piece of work—but its use to the largest number of people probably lies in the five papers on poetry prepared for the students happy enough to sit at the feet of this scholarly and engagingly human professor. They are the best things on the subject that I have read since it was my good fortune to become the possessor of Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's—more concisely Q.'s—first series of lectures on the art of writing.

Of the dozen papers that make up Sir Francis Darwin's volume, the eponymous one, "Springtime," and two other nature papers, "A Procession of Flowers" and "The Traditional Names of English Plants," brought the brightest gleams into my recent grey days. For, like other scientific men of the first rank whom any one could name, Sir Francis is a poet, having the gift of vision as well as that of sight. He is a musician, too. That assertion is made on the strength of the internal evidence contained in his essays, not merely on the strength of his autobiographical confession that, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, he once won an encore for a flute solo at a C.U.M.S. concert, that he afterwards took up the bassoon —a fearsome instrument—and that his chief musical interest to-day is in the recorder. I am thinking rather of his incidental remarks on such things as colour in springtime, and his frequent spontaneous use of the terminology of music.

Here, for example, is a characteristic self-revelation:

"I remember being told by a physician that a celebrated Polish violinist in his old age could not bear the sound of concerted music, but he would weep over a musical score, of which he said, 'These beggars don't play out of tune.' This is also true of the great symphony of colour which the springtime unfolds"—

and then, with the quick, deft touches of the master, he elaborates the figure just, and no more than just, sufficiently.

"To a lover of plants," [he ends a charming essay by saying] "this commonplace list will, I hope, be what a score is to a musician, and will recall to him some of the charm of the orchestra of living beauty that springtime awakens."

I could expatiate at length on other subjects brought vividly and urgently to my mind by Sir Francis Darwin's book, thereby proving his right to the name of essayist, one distinguishing note of whom is his provocativeness of conversation. But I must pay my tribute to the third human individuality that, or who, has been sitting—figuratively, of course—by my bedside and holding my hand. This is the unnamed author of "Serenity," a companion volume to that "Peace of Mind" which by this time has established itself among the small company of books for which a few readers will always exist, for whom, in turn, an adequate supply of copies will always be forthcoming. That vitality of the meditative essay is one of the most interesting phenomena of literature, and, once more, I am sorry that I must not digress.

Most, if not all, of the essays contained in "Serenity" were written as contemporary comment on events that occurred between October, 1917, and July, 1919, but their journalistic origin increases rather than diminishes their literary value, because it shows, with such dispassionate detachment, how, properly regarded, any ephemeral event is but an imaginary point from which permanent truth can be seen in right perspective. Lest I should be deemed to be accusing him of a professional pulpiteering of which he is entirely innocent, I will illustrate my meaning. In his own talk about essays in this volume the author refers to another essayist who had confessed in his then most recent book that his popularity was waning. The author of "Serenity" does not take the confession as a text and proceed to preach a sermon on the merciful goodness of the great architect of the universe, nor, on the other hand, does he waste sympathy on a writer who still has very much to be thankful for. He merely accepts the statement as true, as indeed politeness requires, and then, speculating about its reason, arrives at the permanent truth illustrated by the passing phenomenon.

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C. M.

## LYRA MYSTICA.

Many of us will be more grateful to Mr. Osmond for the beautiful things he has brought together in "The Mystical Poets of the English Church,"* than for his criticism and setting forth of his subject and his matter; which is but to say that one may regard this important book rather as an anthology than an exposition. Mr. Osmond has a considerable amount of knowledge—I confess that, being greedy of poetry all my days, some of his poets were all but unknown to me; and he justifies his inclusions, for there is no poem here one would wish to be away, though one would sometimes desire to add to or alter the selection. The only complaint one has to make is that Mr. Osmond has not come to his task with the detached mind of the true critic. Some of his remarks about Coventry Patmore, which have nothing at all to do with the poet's poetry, are a blemish on the book, for a critic like an historian should be detached and impartial. He should be unaware of matters outside the work to be judged. For example, this about Francis Thompson:

"He is in some respects not a good advertisement for mysticism. . . . The seminarist who, to his intense disappointment, was rejected as a candidate for the priesthood . . . on the ground apparently of invincible indolence: the medical student who from his access to drugs gained nothing better than a slavery to laudanum: the errand boy of adult age, incapable from sheer fecklessness of keeping the situation which was alone between him and degrading poverty—this was one for whom the mystic mood was an indulgence not altogether unlike that of drug-taking."

One is obliged to say, "Fudge, Mr. Osmond!" which is ungrateful considering the entertainment he has given us.

And this passage on Crashaw might well give Mr. Osmond's enemy, if he has one, occasion to rejoice:

"The poetry of Crashaw is peculiarly open to adverse criticism: the 'utterness' of his sentiment, the intensity of his emotion; the cheap glitter of his diction, at times almost provoke the reader to flippant comment."

These passages are unfortunate, but usually Mr. Osmond is much more in sympathy with his poets. Perhaps he might have omitted Crashaw, Patmore and Francis Thompson, the inclusion of them breaks his hard and fast line, and makes exclusions—of Mrs. Meynell, of A. E., of Father Gerard Hopkins, to name but three, a matter of wonder.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## A GEORGIAN—AND SOME OTHERS.†

Mr. Francis Brett Young is among the new contributors to the latest volume of "Georgian Poetry." The moment of his appearance under the Georgian banner is not, perhaps, an altogether fortunate one for himself; for it occurs just at the time when the inevitable reaction against the Georgians is gaining force. The Georgian movement began as a genuine protest against superficiality and insincerity. Against the fluent rhapsody and rhetoric of much preceding and contemporary verse it set an admirable

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standard of honesty, in that its original inspirers resolved to confine their poetry to a restrained treatment of such themes, and such themes only, as did genuinely move them—and chief among these was a mild and genteel appreciation of Nature, seen objectively for the most part, and not in the spirit of interpretation, as Wordsworth saw it. The movement went wrong, however, when it cast out humility and allowed intolerance to infect it—when it remained no longer content to be a minor, though still important, movement, but claimed, through the powerful literary organs controlled by certain of its own members, to be *the* movement. Making that claim, it at once attracted to itself a superficiality and an insincerity of its own. There are some poets—as there are some politicians and men in every other walk of life—who are not strong enough to go their own way, if it threatens to be a lonely way. They must at all costs be in the "movement"; and the last volume of "Georgian Poetry" presented the not very edifying spectacle of a few genuine poets, conforming naturally to the same standards, surrounded by a band of fawning imitators and sycophants; and so quickly does reaction often work that, before long, to call a poet a "Georgian" may well be equivalent to giving him a bad name, and hanging him.

That is why we say that the moment of Mr. Brett Young's enrolment in the Georgian camp may not prove to be a happy one. This is a world in which the innocent suffer with the guilty; and it would be unfortunate if Mr. Young's work should come to share the ill-favour with which the Georgians are already being widely viewed. For Mr. Young's verse is quite spontaneously and sincerely cast in the Georgian mould. He would have been what we now mean by "Georgian" if there had never been a Georgian movement. His voice, in a word, is his own, and not, like that of so many other Georgians, a pale echo of some one else's. To say that he is a true Georgian is, of course, to say that his verse has certain limitations. He himself confesses, in one poem, that his themes are "slender," and it is not for us to contradict him. But, granted the inevitable limitations of the Georgian temperament, his poetry is rich in its own beauty and music. The following verses, taken from the middle of a poem called "An Old House," are fairly typical of the spirit and tenor of his work:

"No one lives in the old house: year by year
The plaster crumbles on the lonely walls:
The apple falls in the lush grass; the pear,
Pulpy with ripeness, on the pathway falls.

"Yet this garden was, where, on spring nights
Under the cherry blossom, lovers plighted
Have wondered at the moony billows white,
Dreaming uncountable springs by love delighted;

"Whose ears have heard the blackbird's jolly whistle,
The shadowy cries of bats in twilight flitting
Zizgag beneath the eaves; or, on the thistle,
The twitter of autumn birds swinging and sitting;

"Whose eyes, on winter evenings, slow returning
Saw on the frosted paths pale lamplight fall
Streaming, or, on the hearth, red embers burning,
And shadows of children playing in the hall."

Mr. Gerald Gould has never been included in any volume of "Georgian Poetry," and that fact is in itself evidence enough of the limited outlook of the Georgians. For Mr. Gould is undoubtedly a poet of very fine calibre. His verse finds inspiration in big themes—in the complex psychology of Love, and in the aspirations and sufferings of common humanity; and he approaches these themes in a spirit of reverence and with a moral passion rare among modern singers. If his work does not abound in colour and in varied music, it is rich in thought and in cadences that move with stately dignity and grace. Here is "Another Husband to His Wife":

"Was this a fear, that in our mingled breath
Shook for a pulse's beat, or seemed to shake?
A pause between two doubts, that sleep and wake:
Between two certainties, of life and death?
Was it a cloud on love's clear glass—a wraith
Unhappy, of forgetting and mistake?
Ah, no! this shadow was for beauty's sake,
And, if a doubt, a doubt that flowers in faith.

"Behold the restless heart of love!—the strong
Made weak by morning star or evening bell;
White light so full of colours, and the spell
Of time, that works eternity no wrong!—
Only the silence understands the song,
And only song the silence. All is well."

The other three volumes before us are by lesser-known or new writers. Mr. Geoffrey Fyson's verse breathes the true feeling of one who has suffered much during the war, and his work promises well for the future if he can learn to restrain his tendency to a too eager fluency. Miss Manning-Sanders writes very pretty songs of Nature, and clothes homely philosophy and moralisings in graceful measures; while in Mr. Harold Child's pages, love of Nature and love of Love are blended in pleasant union. Does this praise seem very qualified and a little patronising? Well, it is not intentionally so. We cannot, indeed, be too grateful for the many writers of verse who continue to sing, with small hope of recognition, because they love singing for its own sake. They may be but privates in the ranks of Poetry. But, though the Generals may have the genius and win the applause, it is, after all, the privates who hold the line.

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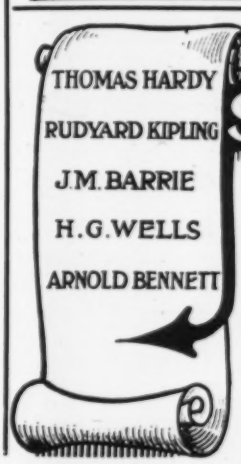


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portion of the English countryside in process of passing from the rustic to the urban, the simple to the sophisticated. It is in a village in southern England that the scene is set and in which the drama is worked out from 1892 to 1910—two fateful decades which see the farm on which Bob Garrett had been a proud ploughman, become a racing stable, the simple old village engulfed in the new villadom, the coming of the electric tram-cars and the "pictures." Though this is the general impression which we get, it is owing to no forced presentation, no emphasising of change on the part of the author. His story is largely that of the wonderful old man, Bob, a deeply impressive piece of portraiture, and his three grandchildren, and it is told with rare skill and the fine reticence of power. The novel is worthy of a place on our shelves next to the novels of Mr. Hardy.

**WAIF O' THE SEA.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Cyrus Townsend Brady had the true feeling for romance, and his "Waif o' the Sea" is as picturesque, as stirring and romantic a story as any he has written. In the first chapter, while most of the crew of the *Sharon* are away in the boats bringing in a harpooned whale, three raw natives break out on the ship, kill the captain, and remain in sole possession, except for the boy Rey, who finds safety out of reach in the rigging. He manages to warn the returning boats that the mutineers are waiting to slaughter them as they come aboard, and after dark one boat's crew contrives to climb in through an open port and retake possession just before a sudden squall drowns the other boat with all hands, and leaves the third mate, Benjamin Clough, three seamen and the boy to navigate the vessel. The boy, who has been injured by the mutineering natives, proves to be not the late captain's nephew but his niece, and the friendship that had already sprung up betwixt her and Clough, is recognised by both as something more than friendship. Spain and Chile are at war, in the early years of last century; the *Sharon* is in the war zone, and they are not destined to come to port without passing through many and perilous adventures, and the interest and romance of it all grow and intensify as the story unfolds. A capital yarn, full of incident and unexpected happenings, and told with a skill and gusto that keep the whole thing vividly alive from beginning to end.

**OUSTING LOUISE.** By J. Morgan de Groot. 7s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Morgan de Groot's new novel is written in a light, vivacious vein and is quite unlike his previous books. The comedy centres round a young husband and wife and a clever, pretty girl who tries to oust his wife and take her place. She schemes to make herself essential to the man's career, holding that this is the only way to make herself essential to the man. Her plan succeeds, except in its most vital issue. Perhaps the best drawn character is the wife, Louise, whose variable moods prove a constant source of perplexity and adoration to her husband. Her desire for freedom and independence leads her to evolve a novel solution for the problems of matrimony that arise from familiarity resulting in boredom, and not from any lack of affection. It is a readable story, and the warfare of the two women lends itself to some amusing incidents and several dramatic situations. The uncertainty as to which will triumph is maintained until the end, and is disposed of in a natural but unexpected climax.

**ELI OF THE DOWNS.** By C. M. A. Peake. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

This is the life story of a quiet, thoughtful, uneducated man, Eli Buckle, a shepherd on the downs above the Valley of the White Horse. At two-and-twenty Eli marries, and within a year his wife is dead. Never strongly held, the faith of his fathers fails him entirely in this crisis of his life, and he leaves the downs to go a-roving, and endeavours to drown the sorrow of his tragedy in adventure and forgetfulness. He fails, and after ten years wandering as a sailor, and twenty years loneliness as a rancher in British Columbia, he discovers that he has only been vainly trying to run away from himself and the promptings of his own soul. So he returns to the familiar things of childhood, and ripens his philosophy whilst working for and amongst his own people. It is a fine book, and the quiet strength of Mr. Peake's style is admirably suited to the treatment of his subject. The book would, however, have been improved by more careful proof reading; and we should like to suggest to the author that he would have done well to keep himself out of his picture.

**CALL MR. FORTUNE.** By H. C. Bailey. 7s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Fortune, although a suburban practitioner, is not, as might be supposed, "called" to diagnose anything so tame as influenza or appendicitis. His diagnoses usually take place after the death, in mysterious circumstances, of the unlucky patient. He is, in fact, an amateur detective: a young, agreeable, nonchalant, post-war amateur detective. He has an engaging habit of dropping his final "g.'s," and calls his friends "old thing." He is called to six separate cases in this book, and most of them give quite good entertainment to the reader. "The Sleeping Companion" and "The Business Minister" especially provide an enjoyable thrill. However, except for the character of Mr. Fortune who is, we suppose, something new in amateur detectives, the stories do not display much originality of treatment. The suspicion of the reader is altogether too violently and obviously forced on to the innocent, and the guilty are too ostentatiously kept in the background: a story-teller's trick that defeats its own end. It is well known that even cool, hard-headed Scotland-Yard-defeating detectives have human weaknesses. Mr. Fortune has not the reprehensible habit indulged in by his more distinguished confrère. He does not take cocaine; he eats muffins.

**COGGIN.** By Ernest Oldmeadow. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

To tell the story of "Coggin" in a few lines is impossible, for it is a story without a plot, and even without a love affair. It holds you—and it certainly does hold you—by its quiet truth to life and character. If it reminds you pleasantly of Dickens and William De Morgan, that is because its pictures of England in Victorian times necessarily take you back into the atmosphere with which they have familiarised you. The humour of the book is fresh and individual; the sketches of Henry Coggin's boyhood, his father and mother, their circle of acquaintance, the everyday or rousing incidents that make up their common life, and especially the character study of the quaint George Placker, painter and decorator, are done with an easy mastery that owes nothing to any models except the models one suspects Mr. Oldmeadow found for them in the world of realities. It is a novel to be read with unalloyed enjoyment, and by way of indicating his own entire appreciation of it the present reviewer will only add that he does not intend to miss the promised two volumes in which the later career of Henry Coggin is to be, in due time, unfolded.

**PIRATES' GOLD.** By David Whitelaw. 7s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When Mr. Whitelaw goes looking for romance among the humdrum activities of ordinary city life and in the breasts of very commonplace people he knows how to find it. He found it in "The Little Hour of Peter Wells," and he finds it again in "Pirates' Gold." There is no apparent romance about little Mr. William Kidman, who had worked for nearly twenty years in an Eastcheap basement office as clerk to some tea and indigo merchants, but a day comes when, by chance, Mr. Kidman discovers that his real name is Kidd, and that he is a descendant of Captain Kidd the famous pirate. This is enough to rouse whatever of his lawless ancestor's spirit may sleep in his blood, and the discovery of documents which tell

of treasure the pirate had hidden on the other side of the world brings him to a prompt throwing up of his situation, and sends him off into adventures that he had never before thought to embark upon even in his wildest dreams—if, till then, the dreams of such a man could ever have been wild. It is an ingenious, admirably written story, with some clever characterisation and suspense and excitement enough in the unfolding of it to keep even a hardened reader sitting up regardless of the clock till he came to the end of it.

## The Bookman's Table.

**A PRISONER OF PENTONVILLE.** By "Red Band." 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The author of this book of poignant verse tells in an open letter to his wife how he turned to the writing of these poems while he was serving a term of imprisonment at Pentonville. He was sentenced for a technical, not a moral offence, but his remorse is none the less bitter that he should so have brought shame on himself and on his wife and the mother who died during his imprisonment, and the poems express this remorse, the depth of his repentance, and the thoughts that came to uphold and console him in his darkest hours. One shrinks sometimes from the naked candour of his self-revelations, for in the solitude of his cell he reviews the happiness, the love and hope of his past, and the wreck he has made of all but the love of his wife and mother, without which he would be ready to go down in despair. The pictures of prison life are as vivid and haunting as those in "A Ballad of Reading Jail." There is poetry both of thought and of feeling in the book, and a passionate sincerity alike in its self-accusations and in its high resolve to make atonement that enables him to say after all his sufferings:

> "O great Recorder, write upon the scroll:
> The King's Physician, Pain, hath made him whole."

A remarkable first book, both in promise and achievement.

**A MISCELLANY OF POETRY, 1919.** Edited by William Kean Seymour. With decorations by Doris Palmer. 5s. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

Whenever the star of poetry has been in the ascendant the poets of the time have shown a tendency to flock together and fill a book between them instead of waiting until each had sung enough to be able to come out in a lonely book of his own. It is so that some of the most charming of the Elizabethan lyrics have come down to us. Shakespeare sang among the crowd in those early miscellanies, and even if he was pirated and did so unwittingly it set a right democratic fashion in the republic of letters that has been followed at happy intervals ever since, and no such collection of recent years has been finer in general quality or more catholic in scope and style than this for which Mr. W. K. Seymour is responsible. He does not make the mistake of opening a narrow door and admitting only poets who belong to what is supposed to be the new school, but is really a belated revival of a school that tried to come, and went thirty years or more ago. Here are brought under one cover poets of divers gifts and real achievement, such as Laurence Binyon, Sturge Moore, G. K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, Eden Phillpotts, Wilfred W. Gibson, Richard Le Gallienne, Gerald Gould, Lady Margaret Sackville, W. H. Davies, Muriel Stuart, Laurence Housman, Eugene Mason, Robert Nichols, Louis Golding, with younger men of high promise, such as Alec Waugh, Thomas Moult, F. V. Branford, Geoffrey Dearmer and, to say nothing of others, the editor himself. It is a very admirable anthology, containing some of the best work of a thoroughly representative group of present-day poets. The volume is well produced, the quaint silhouette decorations by Mrs. Doris Palmer adding appreciably to its attractiveness.

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